SEPT. 29,
1934

# Liberty

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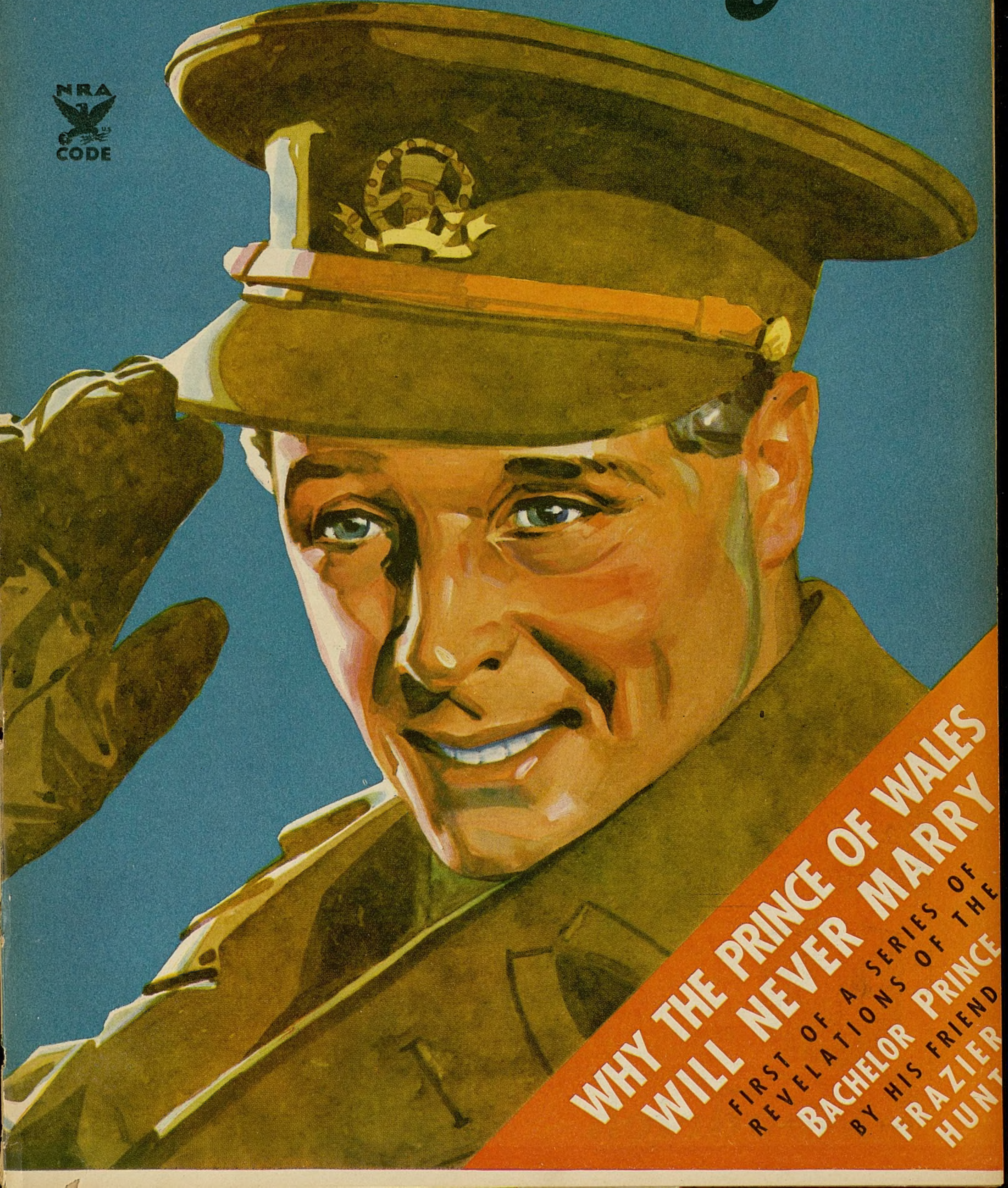
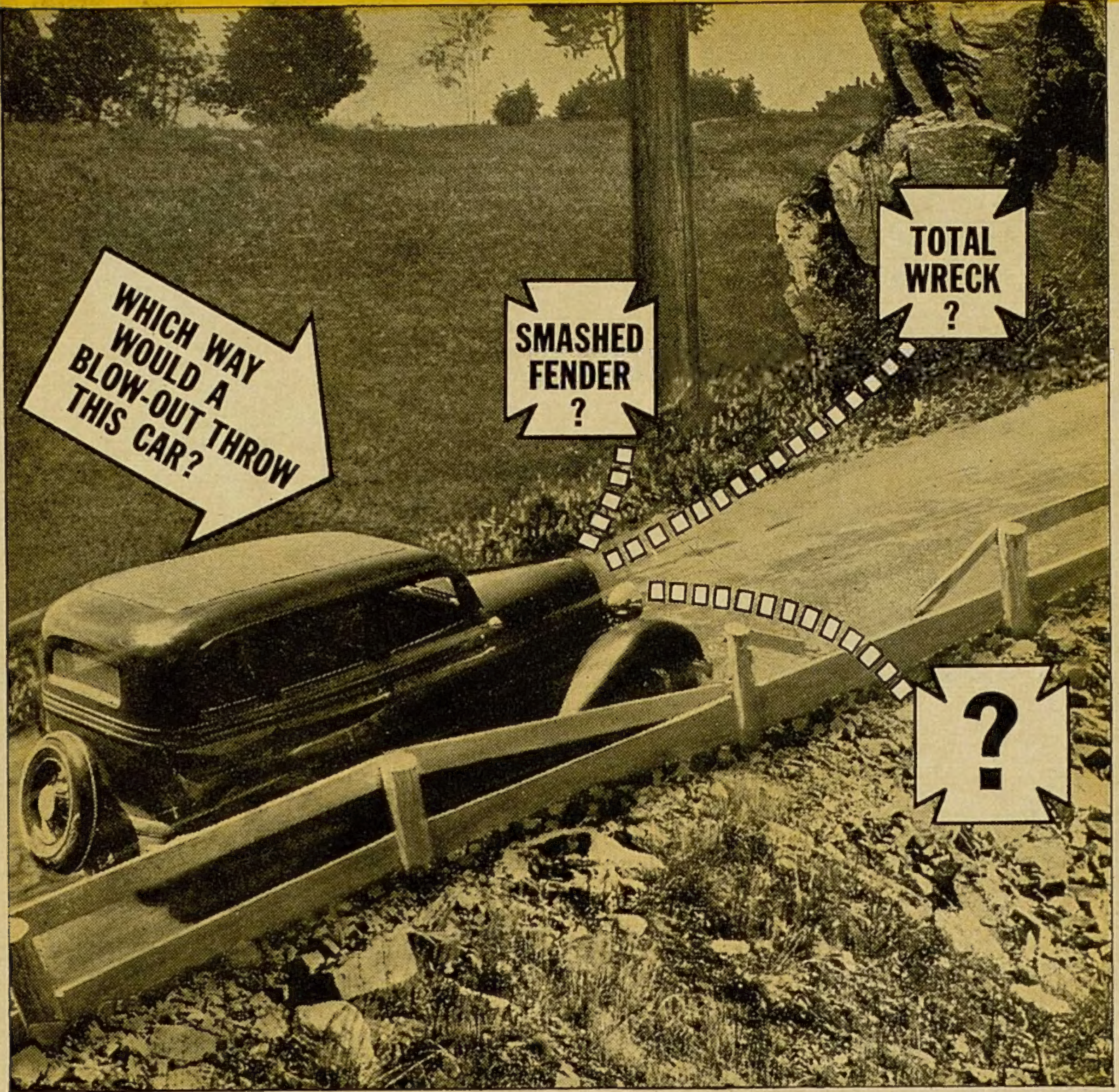


## WHY THE PRINCE OF WALES WILL NEVER MARRY

FIRST OF A SERIES OF
REVELATIONS OF THE
BACHELOR PRINCE
BY HIS FRIEND
FRAZIER
HUNT

# WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU HAD A BLOW-OUT ?



## New Goodrich Silvertown Only Tire That Gives You Golden Ply Blow-out Protection

WHAT would happen if a blow-out threw *your* car out of control? How many ditches, boulders, telegraph poles or oncoming cars could you miss? Especially if you were eating up the miles along some fast highway.

### *How accidents happen*

When the speedometer flashes 40-50-60, mile after mile—can you imagine how terrific the heat inside the tire becomes? Rubber and fabric begin to separate. A blister forms—and grows bigger—BIGGER until BANG! A blow-out! A terrible drag yanks your car off the road. You're helpless.

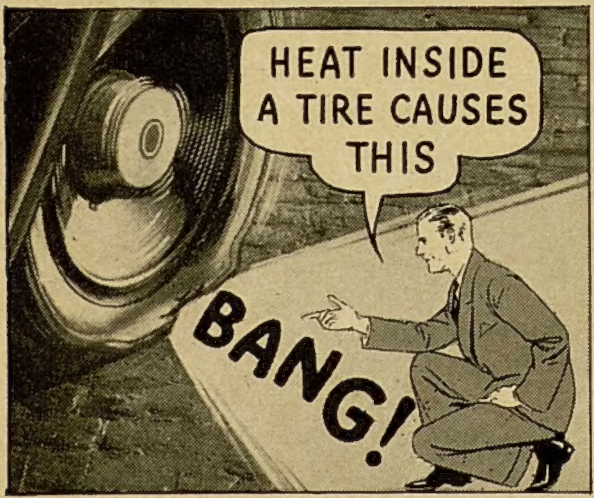
To protect motorists from blow-outs every new Goodrich Silvertown has the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply which *resists heat.* Rubber and fabric don't separate. Blisters don't form. The great, unseen cause of blow-outs is prevented before it even begins. And with the destructive effects of internal heat eliminated by the Golden Ply, these big, rugged Silvertowns will outwear ordinary tires by months!

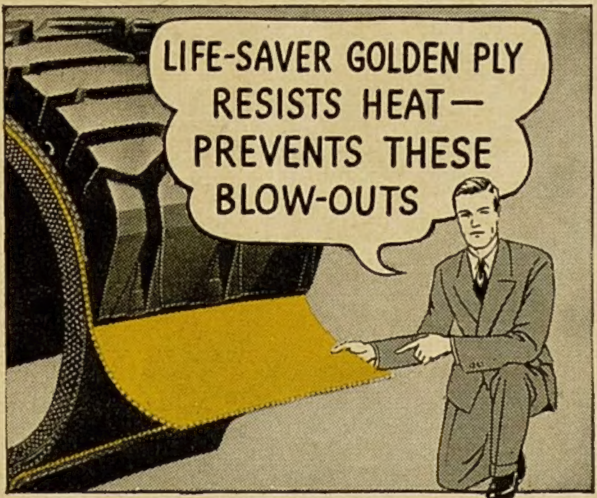
### *Guaranteed, of course*

Remember, too, every Goodrich Silvertown passenger car tire is fully guaranteed for 12 months (business use, 6 months) against road hazards as specified in the Goodrich certificate of warranty.

But what is far more important, when you buy a Goodrich Silvertown you may be *saving your life.* For *only* Goodrich Silvertowns *have* the Life-Saver Golden Ply—the amazing invention that gives you *real* blow-out protection where you need it most—*inside* the tire.

Don't gamble when human lives are at stake. Play safe! Think of yourself, your friends. Think of the "other fellow," too. See your Goodrich dealer about a set of Golden Ply Silvertowns for your car. *They cost not a penny more than other standard tires.*


HEAT INSIDE A TIRE CAUSES THIS
BANG!


LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY RESISTS HEAT— PREVENTS THESE BLOW-OUTS

**The New Goodrich Electro-Pak Battery**

### Super-Powered for Modern Cars

Here's a battery that is protected both *inside* and outside from power loss, short-circuits, and corrosion. Not only that, the new Goodrich Electro-Pak has reserve power galore to keep all those "extras" built into modern cars functioning 100% at all times. Gives instant response even on the coldest days. Stays peppy longer. It's a power plant in itself. Let your Goodrich dealer show you this remarkable new Electro-Pak Battery. See its exclusive top cover—its other great features.

**FREE!** Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 413, The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

SILVERTOWN SAFETY LEAGUE

## *The* NEW Goodrich *Safety* Silvertown

WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

Copyright, 1934, The B. F. Goodrich Company

# DRIVE A PLYMOUTH IN THE RAIN

## AND LEARN WHY HYDRAULIC BRAKES ARE SAFEST

IN RAINY WEATHER, your big concern is safety. You want to know that the kind of brakes on your car will stop you in your tracks . . . the kind that will prevent *dangerous swerving!*

Hydraulic Brakes do that. For they are *always* equalized.

Just drive a Plymouth in the rain. The extra protection—the greater security—Hydraulic Brakes provide are evident every time you stop.

If these safer brakes made Plymouth cost more than the lowest-priced cars, you might hesitate about insisting upon them. But they don't.

In fact, Plymouth offers many other extras, too, at *no price premium.* Floating Power engine mountings . . . Individual (knee-type) Wheel Springing . . . a Safety-Steel Body.

And in the low-price field, Plymouth alone has them all!

Maybe you have been satisfied with less. But since Plymouth costs no more . . . don't buy any car until you have had a Plymouth ride. Any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer will arrange it.

**READ AND COMPARE** . . . Prices as low as $485 for Standard Plymouth. Plymouth Special Six $560 up. De Luxe models start at $595. All prices f. o. b. factory, subject to change without notice. Time payments to fit your budget on the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

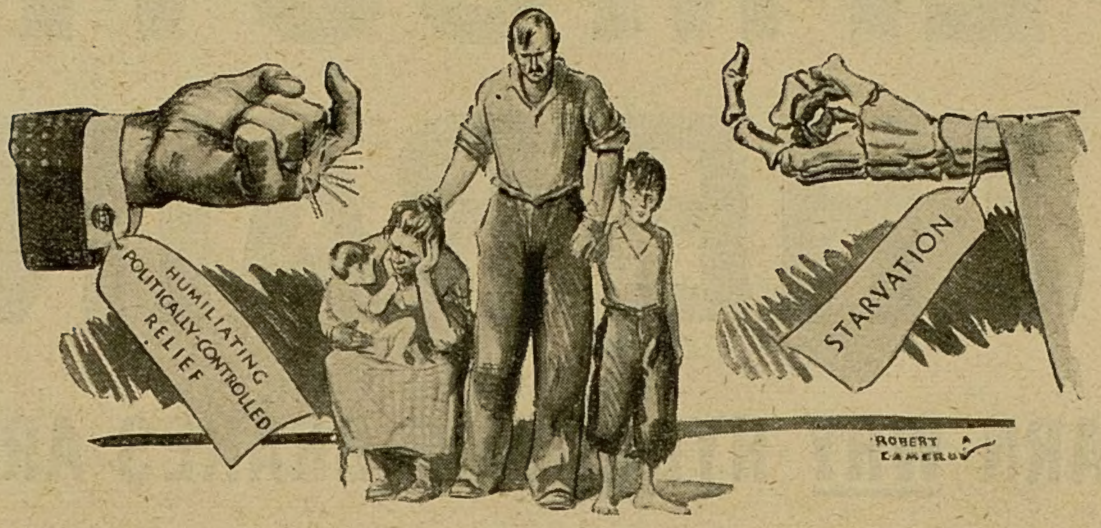
**PLYMOUTH $485** AND UP F.O.B. FACTORY DETROIT

**IT'S THE BEST ENGINEERED LOW-PRICED CAR**

SEPTEMBER 29, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 39

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

# MAY GOD HELP THE VICTIMS OF DIRE POVERTY



NO words of tongue or pen can even attempt to portray the sufferings of the jobless.

There is a certain percentage of our population who refuse to work; but they have acquired the knowledge of maintaining life by some crude procedure which no worthy citizen would endure.

But during this depression willing, hard-working men and women—millions of them—accustomed to earning a comfortable living have found themselves minus jobs. They were not skilled in the tramps' procedure. They had paid their way. They were self-respecting.

For a period of time they could borrow from their friends, and then finally every possible avenue was closed to them. They had exhausted every means of relief, and at last, driven by the despairing stinging pains of hunger, they had to apply for charity.

Imagine if you can this pitiful plight to a deserving man or woman.

And those who are well fed, who are housed in comfortable dwellings, cannot possibly realize the horrors of this appalling plight.

A woman executive writes that previous to her marriage she was earning three thousand dollars a year.

Eventually, because of depression circumstances, she and her husband lost their jobs, used up their savings, and finally were forced to depend on the dole, although she states in her letter that she told the official it would be acknowledged as a loan to be repaid with labor.

Both she and her husband have worked on a construction project, but have received no cash, under the classification Case No. 16 Emergency Relief.

We are wondering if the compensation for the work which they claim to have performed on a construction project is collected by some clever politician, while the pittance they receive for their labor is charged to some relief fund.

This unemployment victim says: "When you become an object of relief you lose your identity, your privacy. Your pride is trampled on. The whole Emergency Relief program is rotten to the core. One feels like a rat in a trap—there is no way out. You are told what to eat, and the amount you receive is pared down to the bone—but no cash."

Is there no relief in sight for these miserable victims of this appalling tragedy? How long are we to put up with artificial panaceas for the return of prosperity? How long are we to continue to endure the graft-ridden emergency measures which make no preparation for the future? They may satisfy hunger for a day, a week, or even a year; but the situation is the same in the end as it was in the beginning—but little effort to put these poor sufferers in a place where they can make a home for themselves and supply themselves with food.

Our pioneer ancestors did not require a dole. They were not helped to build houses.

And to those who say there are no lands which can be used for this purpose, a ride in an airplane over some fertile sections of this country will indicate the untruthful character of these statements.

Millions of acres of fertile land are available. All that is needed is an executive with power to give these families the start our pioneer ancestors had.

This government cannot continue to spend billions for charity relief without national bankruptcy. But it can spend billions which will represent a reasonably safe investment and give families an opportunity to build homes on fertile land out of which they can dig their living—which is constructive to the last degree.

God help the workers now victims of charity, for their plight is indeed deplorable. And let us hope that the huge charity rolls, which are undoubtedly a source of huge profit and in many cases graft of an unparalleled character, will soon be diverted to a definite investment which will bring permanent relief.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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We don't know any better way
to tell you how COOL and CLEAN
your mouth will feel
after smoking SPUDS
all day.

(CORK TIP or PLAIN)
SPUD MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES • 15c FOR 20 • (25c IN CANADA)

Edwin Levick

© 1934, The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

*Gem's one-piece razor has no take-down parts—opens and shuts with a finger-twirl—duplicates the master barber's gliding stroke—can't nip, won't skip.*

DUAL Alignment (Gem's exclusive patented feature) sets the edge so that it can't creep or scrape, then locks the blade *unbudgingly* at five points. A *single* twist of the handle does the trick.

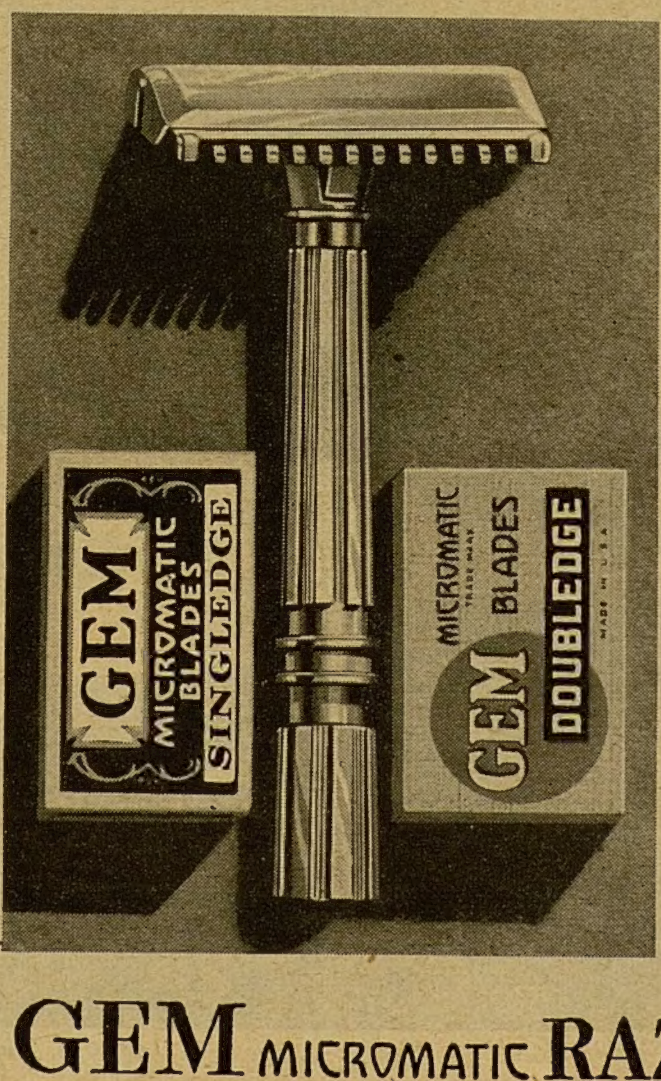
That's why Gem can *safely* use blades so sharp that a daily once-over controls *any* beard.

Gem's unique design *compels* close shaving. The correct barber stroke is shaped in the "slantop" frame, whose bevelled edges enable you to reach into every dimple, wrinkle and neck fold.

Gem lies *flat* to the face and stretches the skin as it glides, bringing every bristle upstanding at root level and right angles just like the barber's stretching fingers.

No chance for ingrown hairs because not a *whisker* can dodge its sweep. No scuffs, no irritations in the wake of Gem's swift, tugless, master barber's stroke.

You can buy a *full* gold-plated Gem outfit for $1—including this latest one-piece, lifetime guaranteed holder and a supply of Gem's 50% thicker, *rigid*, surgical steel blades.



It takes so *many* shaves to wear down their incredible keenness, that soft, flimsy, shallow-edged substitutes at *any* price are extravagant. 10,000,000 switches to Gems since depression tell *which* razor *shaves* best and which blades *save* most.

Before you buy or try any other razor, send a quarter and this coupon for Gem's test set consisting of a regular dollar razor and a single- and double-edged blade.

*© G. S. R. C. 1934*

Gem Safety Razor Corp.
Dept. L18, Brooklyn, N. Y.

*Enclosed find 25c for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edge blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular $1 outfits.*

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## GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR *and* BLADES

"Things will be different when I am King," he has said repeatedly.

# Why the PRINCE OF WALES Will Never Marry

### First of a Series of Revelations of

## THE BACHELOR PRINCE

by His Friend

**FRAZIER HUNT**

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WHAT has happened to the Prince of Wales?

Why is he off the front pages of the newspapers of the world?

Is there any truth in the continued rumors that he will abdicate his title in favor of his brother the Duke of York?

If he does accept the Crown, just what sort of king will he make?

Will he ever marry?

Why has he remained the Bachelor Prince?

Has he lost his popularity with his own countrymen?

Is he still the gay and charming Prince of ten years ago? At forty, does he still play the night clubs and is he still fond of dancing and late parties?

Or has he become a serious-minded Prince absorbed in new responsibilities and duties?

In a word, what is the truth about him?

Liberty sent me to England to find the answer to these pertinent questions. For almost three months in London I enjoyed exceptional and, I imagine, almost unprecedented opportunities to get the facts. I also had the very great advantage of what might be called a Prince of Wales background.

It was seven years ago that I had the good fortune to meet him in a friendly and intimate way. My own Alberta cattle ranch lies just over a little range of hills—

the first ranch to the westward—from his own beautiful E. P. Ranch. We are good neighbors.

In London he has been kind enough to grant me the only magazine or newspaper interview that he has ever given in the historic old St. James's Palace.

In the business of gathering the exact and fresh material for this latest study, I have been helped to an immeasurable degree by officials of his personal staff.

Frankly, when I started on my mission I was by no means sure of what I would find. Except for a brief visit almost two years ago I had been away from London for four years.

Great changes had taken place in that time. A new world had been evolved.

How had all this affected the Prince?

What place did women hold in his life?

Just what was he doing and thinking about?

What was the state of the King's health?

It might be said that none of this was the business of the ordinary American. But that is a mistake. Everything that concerns the next King of England concerns the people of the United States—almost as much as it does the people of Canada. The British Empire is still one of the mighty forces for peace and good will in the world today. There is no question but that the United States working shoulder to shoulder with Great Britain can exert an all-powerful influence on the mood of the world for peace, and on economic reconstruction.

THE King of England today has a great, even though silent, part in fostering this friendship between two great nations. It may well be that the next King will exert even a greater influence.

In this series of articles I shall not only tell of the Prince of Wales as he is today, but I shall trace his career from June 23, 1894, when he was born, the great-grandson of the living Queen Victoria, down to the moment when these lines are being written.

He was seven when his grandfather, King Edward VII, watching the blond-haired little fellow playing on the lawns at Sandringham, said to the Kaiser who was visiting him: *"There plays the last King of England."*

Would he make that statement were he alive today?

And what would Edward, who had to wait until he was fifty-nine before he became King, think of his forty-year-old grandson today? Would he approve?

Too long has the world been fed on gossip and rumor about this romantic figure the Prince. One by one we shall examine these whisperings—these Pullman-car and ocean-liner tales. Here at the very start it will be well to settle once and for all the two questions that are most persistent.

Will he accept the kingship when his father dies?

Will he ever marry?

Without a moment of hesitancy I can say on the highest authority that if he lives he will follow the line of his duty and become King Edward VIII of England.

Even in England you constantly hear the entirely unfounded report that he will abdicate this position and insist that the Duke of York become King.

YESTERDAY—the smiling "Prince Charming of the world." Top to bottom: In Canada, "recementing the Empire." At the Derby with Gen. Trotter. Hunting in Africa. Relaxing at the dinner table.

There is not one word of truth to this obstinate rumor.

The Prince of Wales will see it through. He might wish to turn over to his brother the great responsibility of kingship—but he will never do it.

*He will, if he lives, be the first bachelor King of England. In other words, the Prince of Wales will never marry.*

I make that statement also without hesitancy. It is an undisputed fact.

The Prince of Wales has one or two great women friends whom he admires very deeply. There are obvious reasons why he cannot marry among them, even if he so wished. For one thing, they are "commoners."

Since his return from the war he has been with many beautiful, charming, and talented young women. He has danced and laughed and done the things that any other rich and amusing young man would do. No more—no less. Only he has been forced to pay the absurd price of position and popularity. Simple and commonplace little episodes—at most, tiny indiscretions—became wild and monstrous affairs. Yet he was only a normal and impulsive young man seeking momentary relaxations from the endless round of boring duties—and from the shock of four years of war.

I repeat that of all the charming women and girls he has met the world over there have been one or two who have had a profound and beautiful effect on his whole life. These have been such rare and priceless friendships as happily mark the years of a few fortunate individuals. They are satisfying in themselves. They fulfill some vague longing, some wistful dream of happiness hidden in the secret hearts of men and women.

IT is perfectly easy to understand why the Prince of Wales has never married.

"He's been too busy," a man very close to him explained. "It's as simple as falling off a log."

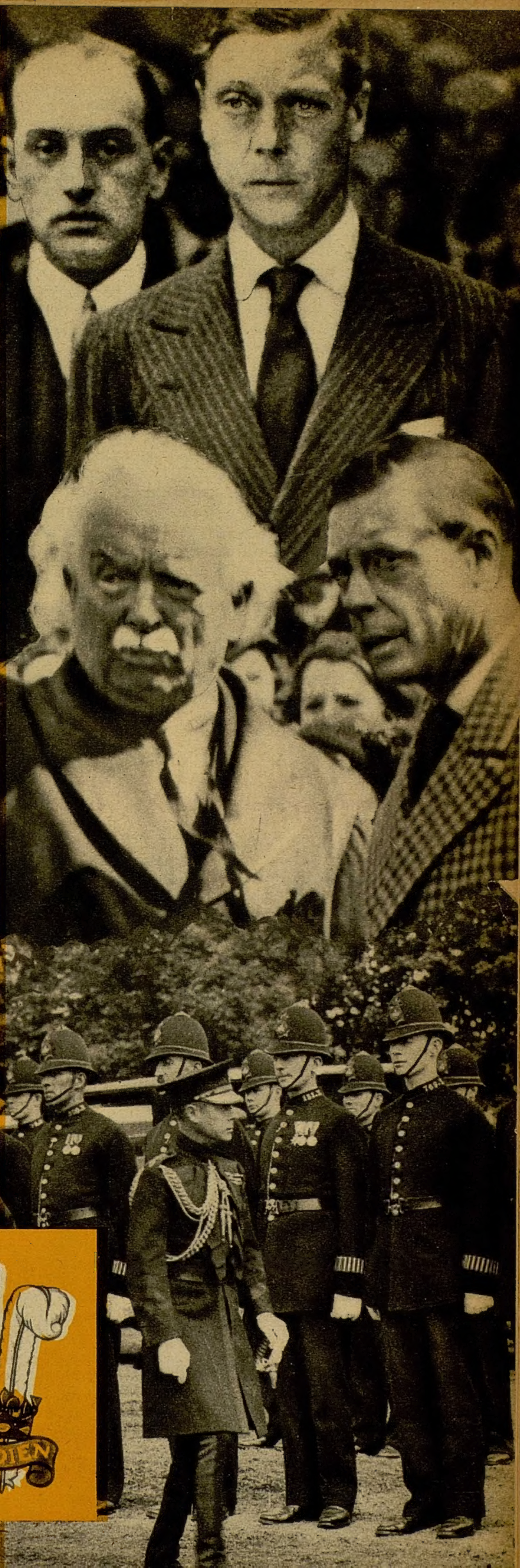
To a large degree this is the true explanation. During the years of his life—from twenty to twenty-four—when most heirs to thrones have their brides picked for them, the Prince of Wales was deep in the war. While boys of his own age were dying by the thousands this sensitive, shy, eager boy had no moment to spare from his duties to worry about his own future.

He was a Soldier Prince. Such a matter as a royal marriage could come later, in its proper time and place.

Early in 1919 he came home to England. Much of his time he spent trying to help his comrades who were doing their best to rehabilitate themselves in civilian life. He suffered the same violent postwar reactions that they did. He joined in the mad whirligig of those mad years.

Then came his first trip to Canada. All the Dominions had suffered terribly in the war. The heart cords that bound the far-flung Empire together had been stretched to the breaking point.

Downing Street and Buckingham Palace between them would try a great experiment. They would send this youth with the quick eager smile and the wistful look in his eyes to Canada. It was possible that he might do much toward binding up the wounds that Canada had suffered. And he might kindle afresh the torches of loyalty and Empire love.



Acme and U. & U. photos

TODAY—"the Serious Prince." Top to bottom: At the Advertising Exhibition of 1933. With David Lloyd George. Inspecting London's metropolitan police.

Off he went. When he returned, those who had sent him knew that in the young Prince they had an asset that was beyond all calculation. He had recemented the British Empire. He had smiled his way into the heart of the world.

Other trips followed: Australia and New Zealand, South Africa, India, Japan, West Africa, South America, the United States—with more trips to Canada. The Prince was a busy man. Not only had he developed into a master salesman for Empire sentiment and loyalty, but he had become the world's greatest salesman for British goods. He was called the Prince of Sales.

Then in the late fall of 1928, when he was on a private hunting trip to West Africa, came the word of his father's serious illness. Back in London he found new duties and vastly increased responsibilities. He still had no time for marrying.

And, of even more importance, he was now almost thirty-five years old. If he married at all he would certainly choose for himself. Long had his family brought pressure on him to get on with his business of marrying—and equally long he had resisted the pressure. Long since the time had passed when a foreign princess, desirable for state reasons, or any other young woman of acceptable position, could be hand-picked for him. He was not to be sold to the highest bidder.

But not only did his own relatives try to marry him off; the press of the world kept diligently at it. Particularly in the first five years following the war were there endless newspaper engagement announcements. They ran the gamut from Italy through Spain and to the Scandinavian countries. Finally, on January 5, 1923, this official denial was issued from St. James's Palace:

A few days ago the Daily News announced the forthcoming engagement of the Prince of Wales to an Italian Princess. Today the same journal states on what is claimed to be unquestioned authority that the formal announcement of His Royal Highness's engagement to the daughter of a Scottish peer will be made within the next two or three months. We are officially authorized to say that this report is as devoid of foundation as was the previous very definite statement of H. R. H.'s engagement to a foreign Princess.

THAT was eleven years ago. Rumors of the Prince's engagements persist even to this day. And the very gentle rebuke carried in the words of the official denial holds quite as good today as it did in 1923.

*The Prince will never marry. He will be the first Bachelor King of England.*

Now we turn back to the first question: What has happened to the Prince of Wales?

It has been ten years since New York City took him to her heart. His last trip to his ranch in Canada was made in 1927. For the past several years he has been less and less in the daily press. Why? What has happened to him? Has he changed?

Have his name and official duties been consciously "played down" on orders from above?

I had been in London less than forty-eight hours before I knew at least part of the answers.

*From the welter of tears and agony and despair of the past five depression years there has emerged a new and finer, a deeper and far greater Prince of Wales.*

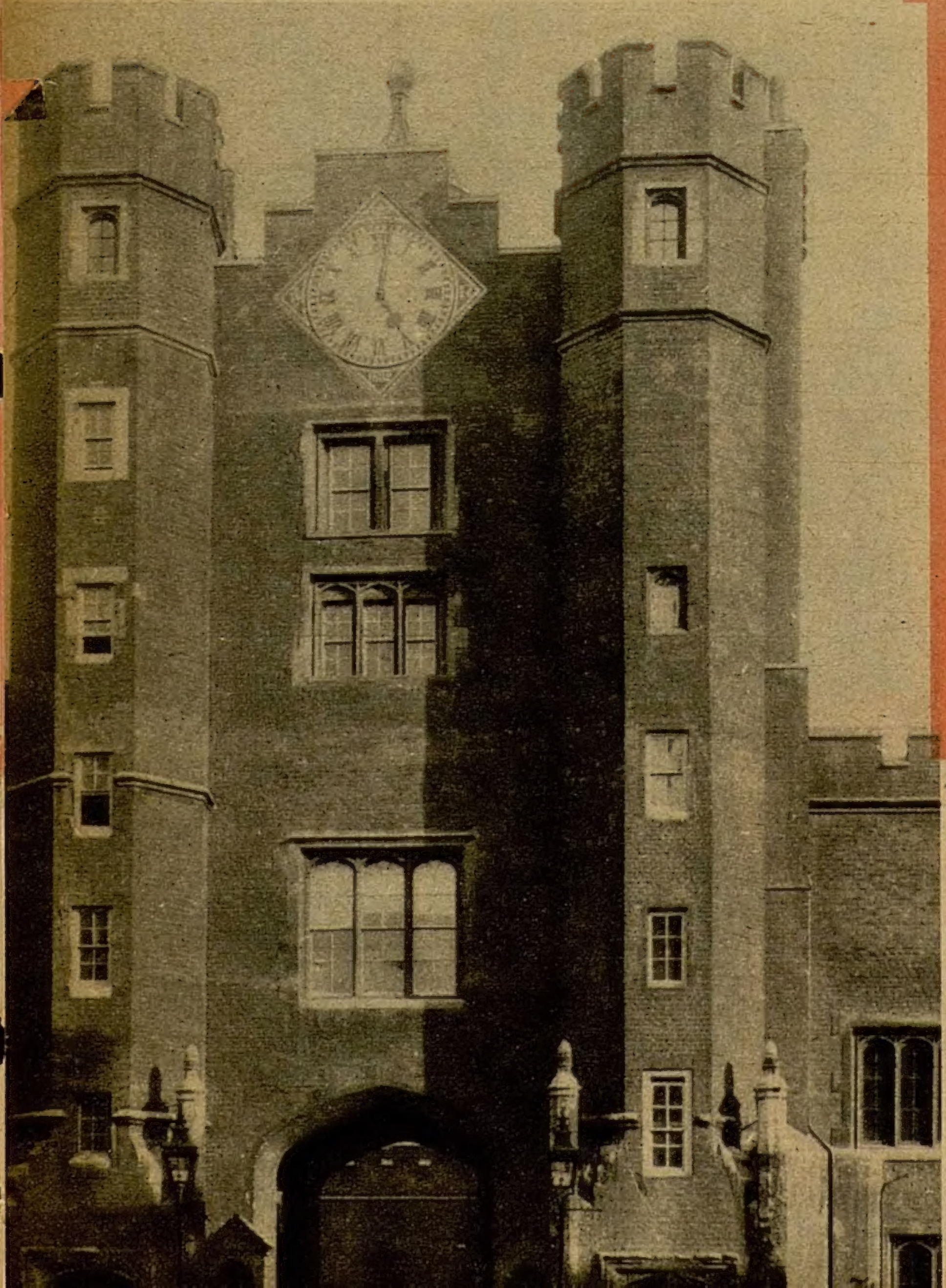
He is no longer almost daily on the front pages of the world press because he himself is now bitterly opposed to publicity. He insists that many of his serious activities

U. & U. photo

Queen Victoria, who "insisted on keeping all the reins in her own hands. In her motherly eyes Edward VII never quite grew up."

Publishers' Photo Service

St. James's Palace. Here the Prince of Wales transacts business of state and has apartments.



be kept out of the papers. St. James's Palace has shut down on news.

With the illness of his father, toward the end of 1928, he was forced to accept many official duties and responsibilities. In turn he gradually delegated minor tasks—public unveilings, speeches, inspections, chairmanships, etc.—to his three brothers.

He had been cheered and shoved and stared at long enough. Every conceivable truth, half truth, and plain lie that could possibly be written had appeared in scores of languages in thousands of papers.

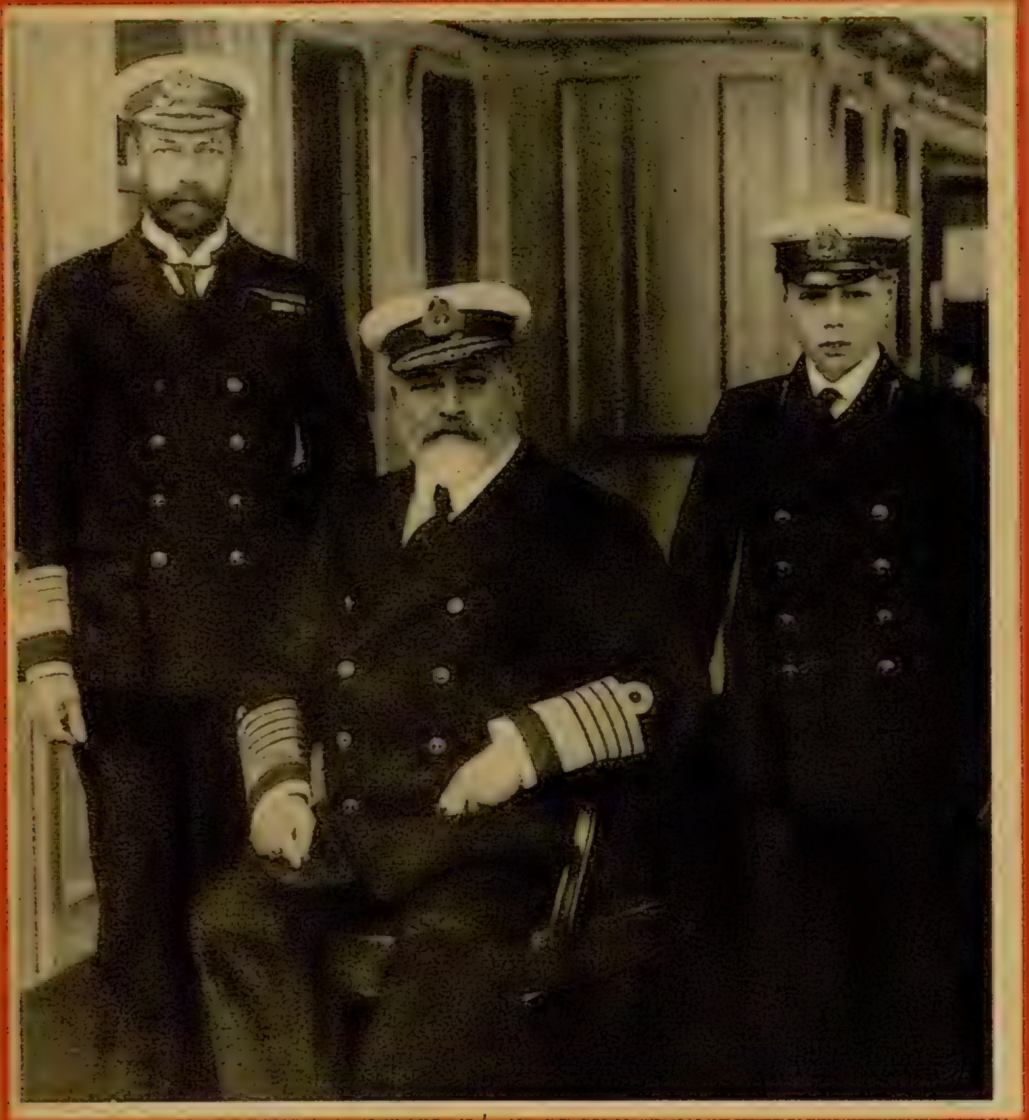
So little by little his doings faded from public view.

As the front-page stories disappeared a new rumor spread over the world. Something was wrong in connection with the Prince—some vague uncertain thing. Was it true that orders had come down from Downing Street and Buckingham Palace shifting the spotlight to his brother the Duke of York? Was the Duke being groomed in the eyes of the public to take his place?

Fantastic rumors—with no basis of truth!

It is a fact that the Prince Charming of the world is gone forever. In his place stands the Serious Prince. Much of his viewpoint toward life has been altered. He has matured, has taken on the finest qualities that are contained in the word "dignity."

His shy and boyish manner is gone. He has looked far too many men square in the eyes and gripped their hands, to suffer longer from what once was rightly called frustration. He still fusses with his tie at long-drawn-out ceremonies, but he is far less nervous than some years ago. His temper still can flare up to a white heat. He is less patient with bores—but I would say he is even more considerate and more thoughtful.



Acme photo

"Unemotional, elderly Edward VII," with his son, now George V, and his grandson, now Prince of Wales, at the age of twelve.

© W. & D. Downey

At seven, when Edward VII said of him to the Kaiser: "There plays the last King of England."

*Never has he had anything approaching the genuine popularity and love that he enjoys at this moment with the great masses of the British Isles.*

They know that he is on their side. Instinctively they turn to him in these years of great trial.

In my apartment at 10 Park Place, only a block or two away from St. James's Palace, the little parlor maid told me how on the previous evening she had stood for an hour or more outside a theater in the hope of getting a glimpse of the King and Queen. But she had failed.

"WHICH member of the royal family would you like most to see?" I questioned.

"Oh, sir, the Prince of Wales!"

"You'd rather see him than the Queen or Princess Mary?"

"Of course, sir."

"Well, you're a young girl and you want to see your romantic Prince," I concluded.

"Oh, no, sir; it isn't that at all. It's because he is so good to all us poor. He's trying every way he can to help us."

In cold type her answer loses much of its warmth and touching sincerity. But it was the true heart of the millions of England's submerged and helplessly unemployed speaking.

To them he is the New Prince. Never has an English Prince or King walked among the common and lowly as he has done. He has gone down into their mines, visited their miserable homes, sponsored their Unemployed Clubs, founded their Personal Service Leagues, pled their cause on the radio, and in a hundred and one ways used the full and mighty power of his position to help them.

Outside a long one-story frame building in London a car draws up. Inside the building are a hundred or so unemployed men and women, with a scattering of children. A radio is playing. These men and women have left their shabby little homes, and here in bright and friendly surroundings have met to work and gossip—and for an hour or two break the deadly monotony of the workless days.

It is the No. 1 Feathers Club—named for the three feathers on the coat of arms of the Prince of Wales and the fact that this was the first of the service clubs directly sponsored by the Prince.

The man from the car quickly strides up the narrow walk and enters the long room. It is the Prince himself. The word passes like a flash over the hall. There is a shuffling of chairs as the men rise to their feet.

All in a flutter, the head of the club hurries toward the Prince. She shakes hands with him and thanks him for coming. He speaks a moment or two with her and then moves directly on to the various small groups. He hands out cigarettes from his own case. With many he stops for a friendly, easy chat.

" How are things with you? " he asks.

" Are you managing to get along somehow or other? "

" How long have you been out of work? "

" How many children have you and are they all well? "

" How are things going with the club? Are the dues still a penny [two cents] a week? "

Commonplace little questions that any American baby-kissing politician might ask toward election time. But this is the heir to the throne of England speaking. For the first time in history there is no barrier here.

The common people of the British Isles know this. They fully recognize the depth of his sincerity.

" He is the soul of the British Legion," Earl Haig, wartime commander in chief of the British Army, said shortly before he died. I have heard a dozen ex-service men say exactly the same thing in a dozen dialects.

Millions of families living in squalor and filth know that he has broadcast over all England the statement: " I am appalled that such conditions can exist in a civilized country such as ours."

IT is the plain truth that this new attitude of the Prince of Wales has had a profound influence in checking radical revolution and physical revolt in England.

One night I talked for hours with a horny-handed, fiery, direct-action labor leader from Manchester. There was no fooling about him.

" If this fellow Oswald Mosley gets too tough I'll take five hundred lads who're not afraid and we'll run his bloody Black Shirts out of London. We know how to handle dynamite. We been in the war, too. We'll scare them precious boys of his to death! "

" What do you think about the Prince of Wales? "

" Ah, there's a lad for us! Do you know that at heart the Prince is a Socialist—a labor man? He's heart and soul with the common workingman. Did you know that back in 1927 when we had that coal strike the Prince of Wales sent a check to the Miners' Relief Fund right in the midst of the strike? It was only ten pounds, but you'll never know what that meant—the heir to the throne sending money to striking miners!

" I tell you, he's a true democrat. A few years ago there was talk about him abdicating and letting his brother be King. But he won't do it now. He wants to help us. And one thing more—he'll be the last King of England. And he'll be a Socialist—a labor King."

He took a swig of his bitter beer and then went on: " And I'll tell you we workingmen don't feel the same about our present King as we do about the Prince. Why, do you know that in the King's Christmas message last year he didn't say a single word about the unemployed? It will be different when this lad's King."

How different, no one knows. Certainly he will break through many of the high barricades that shut off the King today from simple and ordinary contact with his subjects. He has made with his own hands a new position for the Prince of Wales that dovetails into the conditions and problems of the moment. Unquestionably he will do the same thing when he becomes King.

" THINGS will be different when I am King," he has said repeatedly.

Little by little most of the tangible power of the King has been absorbed by his ministers. But the mighty power of personal influence can still be revived. As Edward VIII he may easily wield even a greater influence than did his illustrious grandfather, Edward VII.

Certainly he will be the first King of England to be passionately interested in the cause of the common man.

It is a strange fact that thirty and more years ago, during the latter years of Victoria and the reign of Edward VII, there was vastly more republican sentiment than at present. This is partly because King George has attempted little interference with his government ministers. But the warm and humane work of the Prince of Wales has had a very considerable influence. He has been on vastly more intimate terms with the great masses of people than any of his predecessors.

King Edward VII, too, was beloved as much for his human weaknesses as for his virtues. Women, too, played an extraordinary part in his life.

The long and deadening years he was forced to wait in idleness before he became King undoubtedly thwarted and frustrated much of his high ambition and energy. His mother insisted on keeping all the reins of power in her own hands. In her motherly eyes, he never quite grew up. I imagine that he was often in her bad books. His splendid talents were at times by force of circumstances turned to less worthy things than service to the vast and growing Empire.

In a less serious degree the same tragedy has dogged the footsteps of the present Prince of Wales. It is a trying thing to be born an heir to a great throne. In no one single day of life can twenty-four consecutive hours be said actually to belong to the man himself. He is not a free man. He is the slave of his high position—of duty. His pleasures, his hours of joyous relaxation, are public property. As long as he lives he must be on public view.

I, for one, tremen- *(Continued on page fourteen)*

**NEIGHBORS**

The Prince of Wales and Mr. Hunt (right), author of this series, as fellow ranchers in western Alberta, Canada, where Mr. Hunt is the Prince's nearest neighbor to the westward, and came to know him intimately. Mr. Hunt was born in Rock Island, Illinois; grew up—to a stature of six feet four—in Arkansas, Missouri, and Indiana; tried sugar planting in Mexico and rural editing in his native state. After newspaper work in New York, he became a World War correspondent and then the unique and distinguished grand-touring " reporter at large " who knows every continent and almost every important world figure, and who is the author of five books.

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# RCA VICTOR *Globe Trotter* RADIO

*(Continued from page twelve)*

dously admire the plain courage of the Prince when he openly dances in London night clubs or enjoys himself at parties around the world. At a cost of considerable anguish to Buckingham Palace, he has determined to be himself—or as much himself as it is humanly possible for a prince to be.

He does not mind when exaggerated bits of scandal find their way to his ears. He is used to them by this time. I believe he rather relishes them.

At forty he approaches middle age with a new calmness and fresh assurance. He knows now what it is all about. I know of no man who has such marvelous memories, such fascinating "souvenirs" of life. He has seen all the beautiful, romantic, and dizzy world. There is no place that he hasn't gone, little that he hasn't done.

He still goes to London night clubs. He still has numberless friends whom his elders might prefer him not to have. He still likes to dance and be gay and convivial. But what bachelor of forty, blessed with independent means, does not do just the same things? Certainly he has kept himself in far better physical shape than the majority of his contemporaries. He has no telltale waistline.

For years he lived in constant fear that as age came on he would grow stout, as did his grandfather. (Between these two there was a strange and satisfying attachment.) But recently he found that by watching his diet and taking moderate exercise, with an occasional Turkish bath, he could keep his weight down and his general health in good condition.

"When you get into middle age it's time to let up on really violent exercise," he says.

So it is that in place of hard riding he now plays golf. Except for certain formal military reviews he has not been on a horse in more than three years. Ladylike riding bores him to tears. If he rides at all he wants to ride to the hounds or enter the dangerous point-to-point racing over rough countryside. But apparently he is done with that forever.

HE has even given up his beloved squash racquets. In its place he has taken up gardening. He has gone about this with all the drive and enthusiasm that he manifested some fifteen years ago when he first took up fox hunting.

Several years ago the King suggested to the Prince that as old Fort Belvedere, at Virginia Water, was unoccupied, he might like to take it over as a country residence. It was in the grounds of Windsor Great Park and only seven miles from Windsor Castle itself.

There were many things in its favor as a bachelor's country residence. It was within easy distance of the Sunningdale Golf Club and just off the main London - Southampton Road. Without too great an expense it could be redecorated and furnished. And it had the additional virtue of being only a short distance from a level bit of ground known as "Smith's Lawn," that would make an excellent airplane landing field. If he so wished, he might build his own hangars here.

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Before accepting the offer the Prince went carefully into the situation. The old building had been erected in 1750 as a "belvedere," or lookout and signal tower, by George II, when his victorious army, returning from the Scottish Rebellion that ended with the final defeat of Bonnie Prince Charlie, was encamped in Windsor Great Park. The building, with its three original towers used as observation post or lookout, served as a sort of combined officers' club and guardhouse.

From 1827 on it was not required for army use, and George IV turned it into a country retreat. Later it was used as the headquarters of a saluting battery. When George V came to the throne he spent considerable money remodeling it into a residence, which he turned over to the comptroller of his uncle, the Duke of Connaught, whom in 1929 he appointed deputy ranger of Windsor Great Park. Ranger's Lodge went with the appointment, so old Fort Bevedere was now empty.

THE gardens had long ago gone back to their natural state, and there was much to be done both in and outside of the mansion. Eagerly the Prince dove headlong into the job. Every detail passed through his hands. When it came to the gardens he saw that there was a great deal of hard outdoor physical labor to be undertaken. Here at his own doorstep was a new adventure. He'd turn gardener himself—a genuine digging, sweating dirt gardener.

Early in 1932, when he settled down in his new home, he started to work. It was a natural rhododendron country. Quickly he went about the business of finding all there was to be known about rhododendrons. He even flew in his own private planes to see famous gardens.

Every morning he dug in the good earth. For two hours he would work, then bathe, dress, and for an hour or two go over his correspondence, brought out from St. James's Palace, some thirty-five miles away.

It is his routine these very fall mornings while you are reading this story. He will probably lunch at Fort Belvedere and then motor to St. James's. Here he will confer with his secretary, Sir Godfrey Thomas, and probably with his equerries, and possibly there will be a little business session with his comptroller, or with the Secretary of the Duchy of Cornwall.

In the afternoon he may be scheduled to attend some official function or a meeting of one of the numberless social welfare organizations of which he is patron or chairman. At eight there may be a semiofficial dinner in his apartments, and after the guests are gone he may slip off for a dance or two, or he may pop in at one of the scores of unemployed men's clubs that he is personally interested in.

Nine times out of ten he will drive home to the country that night, and next morning about nine he will be seen working away in his garden.

It is the New Prince of Wales.

*Probably his world travels are over forever.*

"How can I leave England now, when there is so much to do?" he says. There is no doubt but that both Downing Street and Buckingham Palace—both the Government and the King—want him to stay close by.

It is humanly possible that he may be King by the time these lines are read. On the other hand, his father may live years more. This June, at the Trooping of the Colors, the King sat on a horse under a blazing sun for two hours and took the salute.

THE King is stronger than he was a year ago. Extraordinary precautions are taken over every detail of his health. He is permitted to attend no outdoor function if the weather is in the least unfavorable. But a severe cold or any serious illness might sweep him off in almost a matter of hours. His heart is carefully checked and he is constantly watched.

At least he is not worried about what will happen to his gallant son when he follows him to the throne.

He has seen his son win the heart of the whole world. And he has seen him constantly grow in stature.

Unquestionably both the King and the Queen have at times found certain things to disapprove of in their eldest son; but they have had to grant him the right to live his own life in his own way.

It is no exaggeration to call him the most interesting man of his years in the world today. He has overcome much of the real and obvious disadvantage of being born heir to the greatest empire in the world. He has made the Court and Crown and the world accept him as a human being—full of little weaknesses and frailties.

He is still unafraid to stand on his feet and cheer when some striking girl sings a smart song in a London night club. The next day he may visit the unemployed men and women in the horrible slums of the Tyneside country near Newcastle.

Today he may start some amusing style in hats or shirts. Tomorrow he may wring the hearts of England by an address on slum clearances or the condition of the ex-soldiers—an address pecked out on his own typewriter.

He is a strange and fascinating figure. Page by page we shall turn through the book of his colorful life.

---

*How the Bachelor Prince was nearly engaged when he was three years old—his first royal "fiancée" being picked for him by Queen Victoria herself!—will be told by Mr. Hunt in next week's installment of these revelations concerning him.*

I WAS SO ASHAMED, THIS MORNING—MY NEIGHBOR'S WASH WAS 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER THAN MINE
SHE PROBABLY SLAVED ALL MORNING—I WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO WORK SO HARD
OH, NO—SHE WAS THROUGH HOURS AHEAD OF ME—THAT'S THE MYSTERIOUS PART OF IT
WELL, HONEY—THE SENSIBLE THING IS TO ASK HER HOW SHE DOES IT
NEXT DAY
—SURE I'LL TELL YOU. I USE RINSO. IT GETS CLOTHES WHITER THAN ANY SOAP I EVER USED
I MUST TRY IT
ONE WEEK LATER
YOU LOOK PLEASED AS PUNCH, HONEY—WHAT'S THE GOOD NEWS?
I USED RINSO TODAY AND I GOT THE WHITEST WASH YOU EVER SAW—WITHOUT SCRUBBING

CLOTHES washed the safe, gentle Rinso way actually last 2 or 3 times longer. You'll save money. A little Rinso gives a lot of creamy, lasting suds—*even in hardest water.* Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Wonderful for colors—washes them bright and fresh as new. And my! It makes dishwashing easy.

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# Pure and

### A Memorable Story of a Whited Sepulcher and a Woman Who Was Not Afraid

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

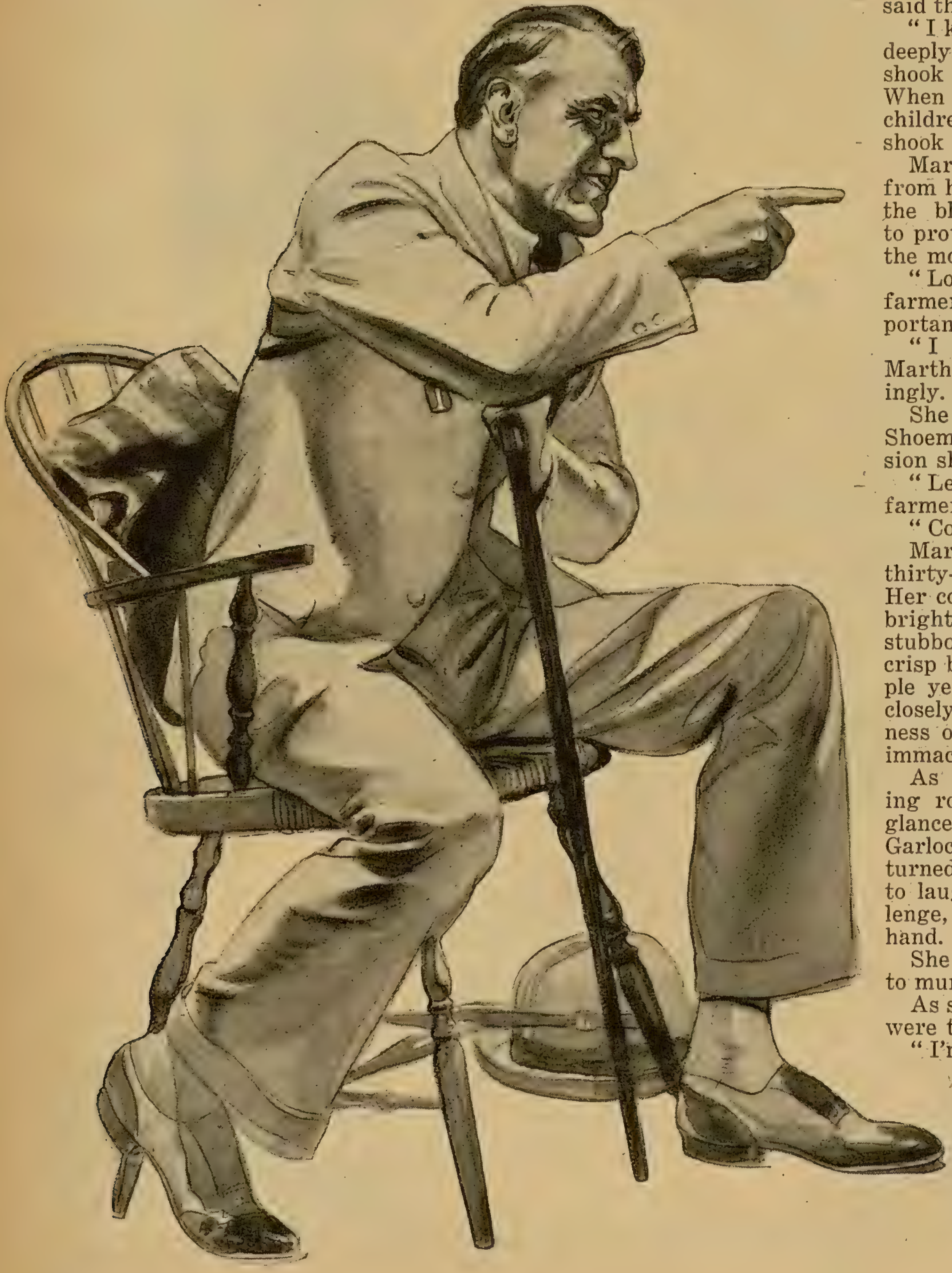
READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

STATE Senator Dave Garlock, tall, lean, with iron-gray hair, sat in his shirt sleeves, with his back to his desk, in his dusty disordered office on the second (and top) floor of the Hendrick Block, over the Red-Front Drug Store. Senator Garlock was Pawnee Junction's leading citizen.

He looked out the half-open window and scowled across Main Street at a snappy little show window and its neat gold letters, MARTHA SHOEMAKER, MILLINER.

A farmer walking along Main Street with his family chanced to look across at the second floor of the Hendrick Block and saw a grim face at the window and over it the letters DAVID H. GARLOCK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and the farmer seized his wife's arm and whispered in awe, "There's Senator Garlock, Mamie!"

Mamie gasped excitedly and stooped down to little August and cried, "Look, Augie, up there at the window. No, not in that yellow car. Up there. See, Augie? There's Senator Garlock, the noted and famous Senator that makes all the laws. If it hadn't been for Senator Garlock hard times would still be here and your father wouldn't be gettin' his state pension for goin' to the war."



"I shook him by the hand oncet," said the farmer.

"I know," said Mamie, breathing deeply. "Augie, your father oncet shook Senator Garlock by the hand. When you grow up you can tell your children their grandfather oncet shook Senator Garlock by the hand."

Martha Shoemaker had emerged from her millinery shop to let down the blue-and-white-striped awning to protect her window display from the morning sun.

"Look out there!" said the farmer, who was feeling quite important.

"I won't let it fall on you." Martha Shoemaker smiled assuringly.

She was a strong woman, Martha Shoemaker. That was the impression she gave—strong and clean.

"Let's look at the hats," said the farmer's wife.

"Come on," said the farmer.

Martha Shoemaker was perhaps thirty-five years old, perhaps forty. Her complexion was clear, her eyes bright, and her little nose had a stubborn, capable upturn. Her crisp blue-and-white dress was simple yet smart and fitted her figure closely. She had the lean roundness of a thoroughbred and a trim immaculate look.

As she deftly wrapped the awning rope around its hook she too glanced across the street at Senator Garlock, and as their eyes met she turned cold; but she forced herself to laugh, a laugh that was a challenge, and she waved a mocking hand.

She said softly, "So you're going to murder me, eh, Dave?"

As she entered her shop her hands were trembling in spite of her.

"I'm not afraid," she said, looking at her hands. "I'm not afraid!" But she was afraid. She was brave, but she was afraid. For the tenth time that morning she made sure that the heavy iron bar was in its slot across the back door.

She sat down and picked

# Unsullied

## by JEROME BEATTY

EDGAR McGRAW

up a hat that she had been trimming. She looked out the door.

"He won't kill me," she said. "He won't do that. But he'll do *something*." She took a deep breath. "I'm the only person in this state who realizes that Dave Garlock ought to be hanged." There was bitterness in her voice, bitterness that people could be so blind. "The only person," she repeated. "How can I make them see?"

SENATOR GARLOCK turned away from the window as his office door opened and a short round young man in a Palm Beach suit that was a little too small for him entered the room. The young man's name was Irving Waisel and he expected that some day the sign on the window would read GARLOCK & WAISEL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

"Well?" the Senator demanded.

"I phoned her from a pay station, then went up to the jail to see Jake. His kid brother was there. Jake's nuts about his kid brother. He—"

"She just now laughed at me. You must have done a bad job."

The young man grinned a yellow toothy smile. "I did what you told me. I talked in a squeaky voice and said I was a gunman from Chicago and if she didn't forget it was Jake Skower she saw, I'd blow her and her store so high she'd be sellin' hats on the moon."

"What'd she say?"

"She said I was a rat and for me to go sit on a tack. She said, 'I can hit a running jack rabbit with a rifle and I'm ready to put a bullet into any rat I see—right where his brain ought to be.'"

Senator Garlock smiled with some admiration. "She can, too," he said. "She's a great girl, Martha is. I remember when she taught school and—"

"She was tough," said Waisel. "I went to school to her. She wasn't afraid of the biggest kids in class. Jake Skower went to her, too."

"So did everybody, almost, in Pawnee Junction."

"Eddie too?"

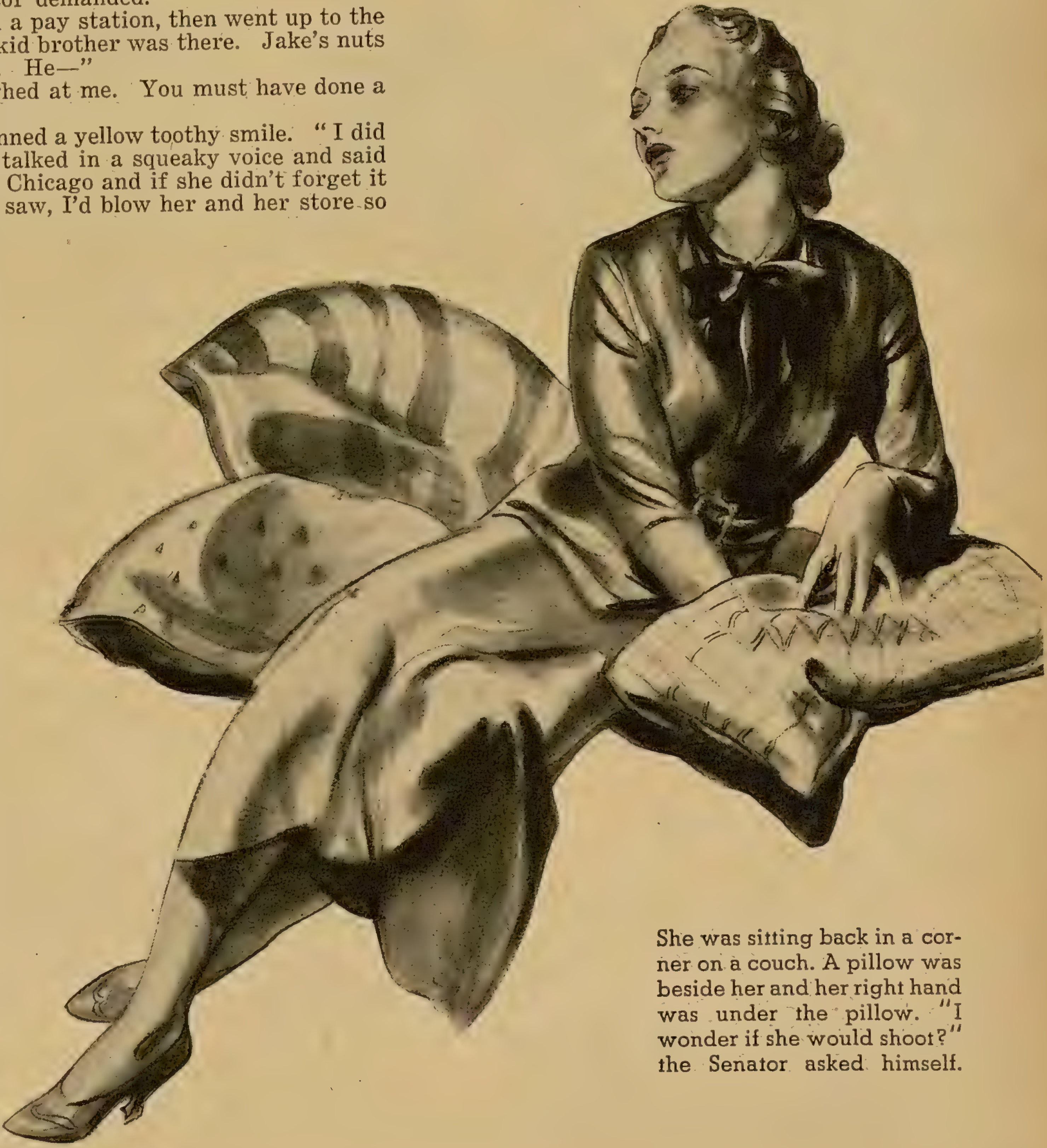
Senator Garlock nodded seriously. "She liked Eddie. That's why she's acting this way. If Jake had killed anybody but Eddie we might have a better chance to make her forget a few things." He studied the ceiling. "I never could figure her out. I remember the first time Eddie got into trouble—reckless driving. He was drunk and knocked a woman down and she almost died, but I got him off. The jury disagreed and I talked the county attorney into dropping the case. Martha came right into this room and gave me hell. Said I put liars on the stand and—"

Irving said in mock protest, "You wouldn't do anything like that, Senator!"

Senator Garlock winked. "She gave me a silly argument about how Eddie was a good boy and she liked him so much she wanted him sent to jail! Jake was here when she did it. Sitting right in that chair. You should have heard him laugh."

"She musta been nuts."

"Her angle was that if Eddie served a term he would straighten up, but that I had shown him and other boys how law didn't mean anything and that they'd go on trying to get away with things for the rest of their lives."



She was sitting back in a corner on a couch. A pillow was beside her and her right hand was under the pillow. "I wonder if she would shoot?" the Senator asked himself.

"Aw, all dames are crazy," Irving rejoined.

"They don't understand. My wife's that way."

"They're all that way. They don't get the idea about law. A crook has a right to get away if his lawyer is smart enough. That's the law."

Senator Garlock once more was the successful criminal counselor, cognizant of his duty to his client.

"We've got to shut her mouth," he declared.

"How far do we go?"

"We can't let Jake hang, can we?" said the Senator significantly.

Irving's jaw dropped. "You don't mean we go through with this stuff? Look, now, Senator. After all—"

"Take it easy. I'm going over to see Martha."

The Senator buttoned his white vest, pulled on a rumpled linen coat, and picked up his broad-brimmed Panama hat. He walked slowly down the steep stairway and emerged into Main Street.

JEROME BEATTY *was born in Kansas and after graduating from the State University was a reporter on the Kansas City, Mo., Star. Has been advertising manager for several of the big motion-picture companies. Has written short stories since 1914. His home is in Pelham, N. Y., and he has a summer camp in Quebec, Canada.*

Dave Garlock felt sincerely that there was nothing in his life for which he needed to apologize. He was a pillar of his church, he gave willingly much of his time to the Chamber of Commerce, Rotary, the Boy and Girl Scouts, and the Community Chest. He never passed a panhandler without a gift of at least a quarter, and in the winter he carried in his pocket a bunch of orders on the Elite Shoe Store which he thrust upon men and women whom he discovered tramping through the snow improperly shod. It all helped at every election. But his charity was not all a racket. He liked to help people. Only Dave and his wife knew how many hungry mouths Dave Garlock fed, how many hospital bills he paid.

The graft that came through his political position he considered to be his rightful spoils of war. Criminals paid him thousands of dollars—stolen dollars, of course. But the law, made by lawyers, says that every accused man is entitled to a defense so the innocent shall not be found guilty. The lawyer is entitled to his fee. And where is the criminal to get money to pay a lawyer, unless he steals it? It's all very proper and according to law. And surely, when a man pays a counselor a large sum to defend him, the attorney is not fulfilling his duty to his client if he does not try, with every trick that he can get away with, to persuade the court and jury to set him free.

So how could any thinking person accuse Dave Garlock of wrongdoing? His success in politics and in law was an inspiration to every young man, most people said. People said, "If Senator Garlock defends criminals, it must be all right." Headed by the Senator, his state had the finest body of criminal lawyers in the country—and, per capita, more crime.

MEN waved at the Senator from passing cars and as he started across the street they slowed down to give him the right of way.

He stepped briskly into Martha Shoemaker's store.

She was sitting back in a corner on a couch. A pillow was beside her and her right hand was under the pillow.

"I wonder if she *would* shoot?" the Senator asked himself nervously.

"Hello, Martha," he said aloud.

"Hello, Dave." She didn't move.

"I want to talk with you."

"Sit down."

"Now, Martha, we've been friends for many years and—"

"Dave," she interrupted, "I think you're a menace to the state, but I don't believe you'd order anybody to kill me—not even to save Jake Skower, your principal source of income. However, I'm not sure you can control Jake's pals. But you'd better. If anything happens to me, it will be pinned on you. I've left a letter with a friend. Now go ahead and talk."

"Why, Martha!" he said in an injured tone. "You have things all mixed up. I'm only doing my duty in defending Jake Skower, and surely you wouldn't believe that I would tolerate for a moment any threats or violence. That threat you received must have been—"

"What threat?" she snapped.

"Why—er—the one you were speaking of."

"I didn't mention any threat."

"Well—er—I judged—"

"I suspected it was one of your men. Now I know it. Go on!"

He couldn't think of an answer. He mopped his forehead and cleared his throat.

Martha said: "Jake Skower and Eddie Frankel held up the bank down in Bentwood and—"

Senator Garlock held up his hands. "There is no evidence," he protested. "Jake has not been charged with that crime. The robbers were masked and—"

"You and I know who robbed the bank. That new car of yours was bought with some of the money."

"Now, Martha—"

"Jake and Eddie that night, after the robbery, were in Eddie's house, next to mine. Jake wanted all the money, so he killed Eddie. I heard four shots and saw Jake come out of the house and jump in his car. In spite of all you can do, that's what I'm going to tell the jury."

"You always were impulsive, Martha."

He rose suddenly, walked toward the back room, parted the curtains and looked inside.

"WE'RE alone," she assured him. "I phoned the county attorney and he's sending a man to guard me. He hasn't come yet."

"You must remember, Martha," he said soothingly, "that it was dark. Eddie's house is a hundred feet away and you might easily have been mistaken. You might be swearing away the life of an innocent man; and that's a very serious thing, Martha Shoemaker—to swear away the life of an innocent man. Suppose in later years, after Jake Skower was hanged by the neck until he was dead, it was proved that it wasn't Jake at all who shot Eddie Frankel. The blood of an innocent man would be on your hands. You, Martha Shoemaker"—he paused dramatically and pointed a finger—"you would be a murderess!"

"It was bright moonlight. I'd know Jake Skower a block away."

"The jury won't believe you."

"Yes they will, Dave. And you know it. So does Jake."

"Three women and four men will swear that Jake was two miles away in a poker game when Eddie was killed."

"The jury will believe *me*, not your hired liars."

The Senator said: "Will they believe you after they hear about the man who was alone with you in your cottage?"

"What man?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out. By tomorrow I'll know."

"There was no man in my house. What are you trying to do?"

"What will happen to your millinery business, Martha, when the women in this town hear a man testify that he was alone with you in a darkened room?"

"But there wasn't any man and you can't—"

"And that you both heard the shots but were so busy making love that you did not look out of the window."

"I was alone in the house, I tell you, and—"

"What will happen when witnesses testify that you were a very good friend of Eddie Frankel's and that they heard you say many times that Jake Skower ought to be run out of town? It's revenge, Martha. You want to get Jake Skower. You didn't see him run out of the house. You're lying. You had a man in the house when the murder was committed."

He leaned back in his chair and grinned, well pleased with himself.

She said fiercely, "You—you vermin!" Her hand came out from under the pillow. In it was a gun.

"Wait, Martha!" Senator Garlock shouted, holding up his hands. He was terrified. He had forgotten about the gun—had gone too far in his duty toward his client. "You'll hang! You'll hang!"

The gun wavered in Martha Shoemaker's hand. It fell to the floor. She sank on the couch, sobbing. "I can't do it. I can't do it. You ought to be killed! You ought to be killed!"

Senator Garlock's knees were weak as he rose to his feet. He cleared his throat and said in a husky voice, "Think it over, Martha," and walked out into Main Street.

The superintendent of schools was waiting in the anteroom outside Senator Garlock's office when the Senator with a shaky hand opened the door.

"How do you do, Senator?" said the superintendent.

Senator Garlock was out of breath. "Hello, Arthur," he said.

"We have chosen you," said the superintendent, "to deliver the address at the dedication of our new memorial high school on the twentieth. I hope you will accept."

The Senator pulled himself together. "I'm honored, Arthur. Of course I'll accept."

"If I may be so bold, I should like to suggest a topic. You are always an inspiration, Senator, no matter what your subject. But I liked particularly something you said at Rotary a few months ago—about justice, about the future of the Republic. A theme like that, Senator, would help the boys and girls to better manhood and womanhood."

"I remember," said the Senator impressively. "It was from the Canons of Ethics that I learned in law school. I have never forgotten."

THERE was a genuine note of sincerity in his voice. Time, habit, custom, the will to win the game had taken from him the quality that should have made him see the pathos in the situation.

"'The future of the Republic, to a great extent, depends upon our maintenance of justice pure and unsullied. It cannot be maintained unless the conduct and motives of our profession are such as to merit the approval of all just men.'"

"That's it!"

"Justice!" said Senator Garlock. "That means that every man shall have his chance in court, no matter how low and defiled he may have become. That shall be my theme."

When the superintendent had gone, the Senator entered his office.

"Any luck?" Irving Waisel asked.

"She's got a gun; the county attorney is sending a man to guard her. Tell everybody to lay off. I'll handle her myself. She threatened to kill me."

"On the level?" Irving gasped.

"I talked her out of it." He walked around and sat down at his desk. "Look, now. I had an inspiration. It came to me in a flash as I was sitting there. Where can we get a man who knows Martha fairly well, somebody that has taken her out once or twice, who will swear that he was in her house at the time Eddie was killed?"

Irving's face slowly broke into a broad admiring smile as he comprehended the plan.

At my age pyorrhea is just unthinkable!
Don't say that to me!

YOUTH is always confident, and it can't be denied that this confidence stands young people in good stead most of the time. Don't, though, ever let it become *your* attitude towards your teeth and gums. No matter how young you are, you should start *right now* to safeguard your teeth and gums.

And don't let a dentist hear you say that *you* are not in danger of pyorrhea. He has seen all too many pyorrhea cases at your age. He knows that this dread gum disease works unseen five years, sometimes as long as ten years. The damage is often done while the victim is quite unaware.

*Why teeth are lost*

It is terrible to think that four out of five people around the age of forty have pyorrhea, because this one gum trouble is responsible for half the adult teeth which are lost.

Are you taking any precautions? You really should see your dentist—and always visit him at least twice a year. Pyorrhea is so prevalent that he has had plenty of experience. He can detect it if it is present and aid you greatly by his treatments. He can even help you *prevent* pyorrhea—if you get to him in time.

Your dentist probably uses at the chair the *professional* treatment of Dr. R. J. Forhan—a dentist who specialized in pyorrhea during his twenty-six years of practice. This is available only to dentists.

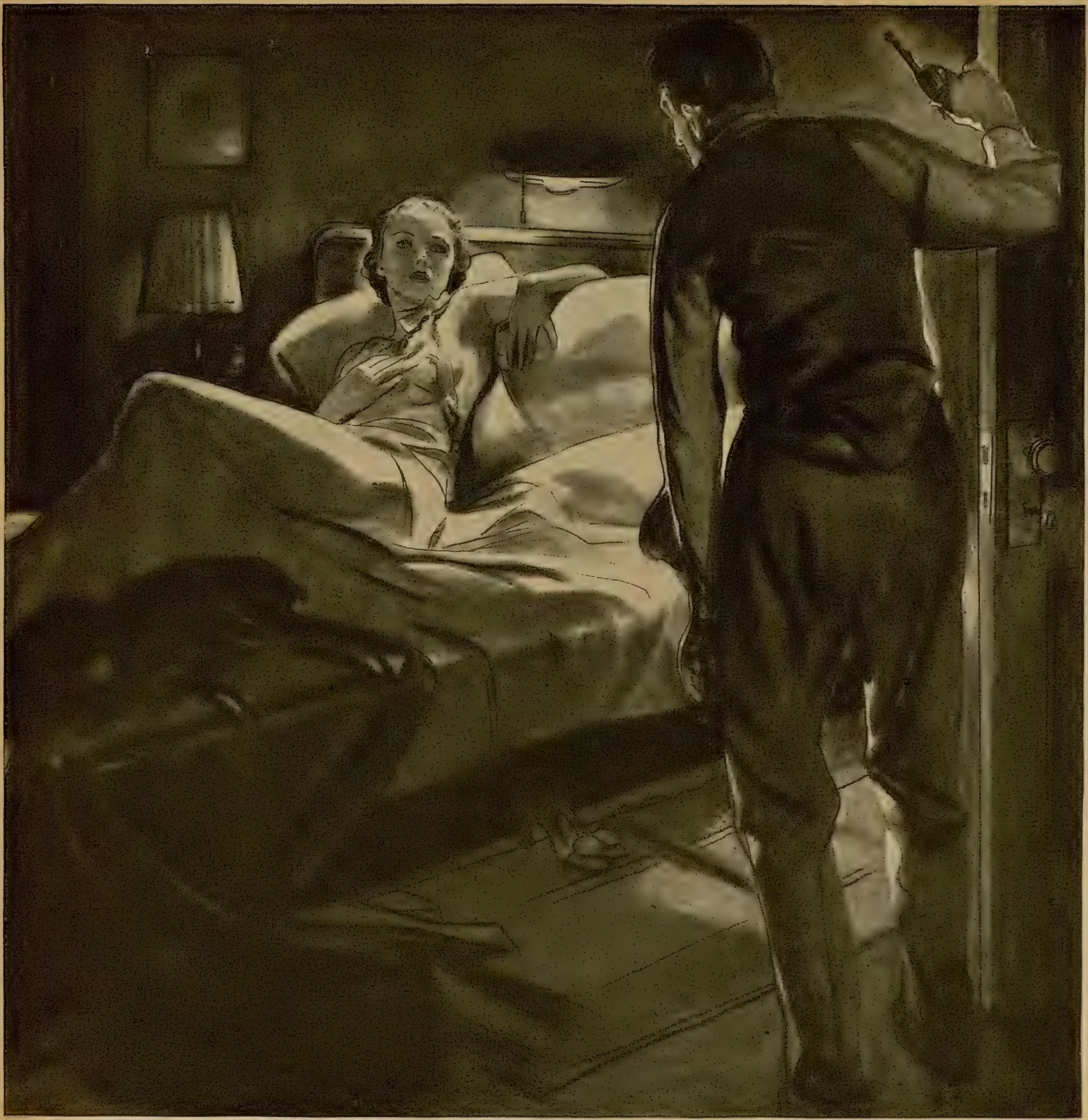
*Good home treatment*

You can, however, get Dr. Forhan's *home* treatment in Forhan's Toothpaste, the only form in which it is available to the public.

Get a tube of Forhan's Toothpaste and start preventive measures today. It is a fine toothpaste for the simple and usual cleansing and whitening of teeth. None finer. And remember: it also gives important *extra protection* to the gums. Let the whole family use Forhan's. It is pleasant and nonabrasive. Economical, too. The tube is large and lasts a long time. At all druggists. Forhan Company, Inc., New York, N. Y. (In Canada: Forhan's, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.)

*Serious thought about teeth and gums leads to the use of*

Forhan's



It was long after midnight. Martha Shoemaker awoke with a start. She reached up and turned on a light over her bed. Jake Skower was standing in the doorway. He held a revolver in his right hand.

"You're a genius, Senator! A positive genius."

"I thought of Jack Peckworth."

"Perfect—if he'll do it."

"He probably never will have to take the stand. When Martha realizes what's coming, she'll give up. Go over and see Jack. If he hesitates, ask him if he wants the prosecutor to hear what happened to that little blonde that sold tickets down at the Majestic Theater."

Irving grabbed his hat.

MRS. DAVID GARLOCK was a plump little woman with bright-blue eyes who believed that a wife's place was in the home and that an important part of the home was the kitchen.

"I made it myself," she said proudly as the hired girl brought in an apple pie at supper.

"You're always thinking of me, darling," said Senator Garlock. "Just a small piece, please."

"What on earth's happened to your appetite, David?" she inquired anxiously.

Senator Garlock smiled. "I'm very tired. Hard work today."

"Jake Skower?"

He nodded.

"I hope he hangs," she said crisply.

"Here! Here!" he exclaimed in mock protest. "I'm defending him."

"I know." She laid down her fork. "He's guilty and he ought to hang—but you're going to get him off. It doesn't seem right."

"Darling," he said quietly, "we've been over this again and again. Women don't understand."

"I know. You don't think, David, that you're doing wrong. It's a game to you and you want to win. When you get into court you will really believe Jake Skower is innocent. You'll think you're fighting for the cause of justice and you'll be proud when the jury says 'Not guilty'—as proud as if you'd saved the life of an innocent child. You'll feel you've helped somebody, like when you paid for Mrs. Detwiler's operation that saved her life. But, David honey, it's not right!"

"Who've you been talking to?" he asked quickly.

"Amy Burrows. She was telling me what Martha Shoemaker said."

"When?" he snapped.

"A few days ago." She was worried. "You ought to know, David, what Martha is saying, so you can tell folks it isn't true. I know it isn't true—is it, David?"

"Is what true?"

"Martha says you're to blame for all the boys going wrong in Pawnee Junction. She says Jake and Eddie and the Milton boys and all the rest would have been good boys if you hadn't showed them that you were bigger than the law and that you could get them out of trouble. She says you're responsible—I can't say it, David." She wiped the tears from her eyes.

"I know. Martha has told me many times. For some vague reason she blames me because Jake killed Eddie Frankel. She thinks successful criminal lawyers promote crime. Well, she's crazy, honey. She's crazy! The law says the accused shall be defended."

"But when they're guilty?" she questioned, taking her handkerchief from her face.

"Women don't understand. You just take my word for it."

"You must be right, David," she said doubtfully. "If it was wrong you wouldn't do it. But I think you ought to tell people."

"I will," Senator Garlock said. "I'll tell them next week at the dedication of the new high school. We'll settle this once and for all." . . .

The school children and the citizens applauded tremendously when Senator Garlock finished his address. It had been a masterful speech about justice and the duty of the lawyer to the downtrodden.

"Better," he had said, "that a thousand guilty men go free than that one innocent person be hanged. The lowest criminal is guaranteed, by the Constitution of these great United States, fair and just representation in the courts."

SENATOR GARLOCK sat down beside Irving Waisel.

"Good stuff, Senator," Irving whispered. "Look!" he said suddenly. "What's this?"

Martha Shoemaker was walking across the platform toward the superintendent of schools, who was about to announce that they would all join in singing America.

"May I," she asked quietly, "pay a tribute to Senator Garlock?"

"Well—er—of course," said the superintendent of schools. He faced the audience. "Miss Shoemaker has a few words to say."

Martha walked to the front of the platform. There was a flutter of applause from those persons in the audience who were not busy reaching for their hats. Most people liked Martha Shoemaker.

She began: "I have been truly stirred by the address of our famous townsman, Senator Garlock. I want to take this opportunity to thank him and to assure him that he has the support of every citizen of this community in his effort to assure a fair and honorable trial to every accused person."

They gave her a round of applause.

Women whispered to each other, "She's apologizing for what she's been saying about him. He's made her see—"

Mrs. David Garlock, sitting on the platform, beamed happily and folded her hands on her lap.

Martha continued: "I want to say at this time that I am to be one of the chief witnesses for the prosecution of Jake Skower, charged with the murder of Eddie Frankel. Senator Garlock is defending Jake Skower. My testimony is quite valuable to the prosecution. If the jury believes me, Jake Skower will hang. I have been threatened with death if I go on the stand and tell the truth."

The audience gasped.

"I am sure," Martha said, "that Senator Garlock is as shocked and surprised as you are. He also will be shocked to learn that friends of Jake Skower, in an effort to discredit my testimony, have told me that they will put a liar on the stand, a man who will testify that he was in my house, making love to me, at the time I saw Jake Skower leave Eddie Frankel's house."

Senator Garlock sprang to his feet. He forgot that he wasn't in court.

"I object!" he cried, holding up a hand.

"I am very glad, Senator," said Martha, "that you object. I know that you will have no part in such vicious tactics. I hope that you will assure this audience, here and now—"

"Of course—of course!"

The audience cheered the Senator's noble promise.

"That is all," said Martha Shoemaker.

Senator Garlock sank limply into his chair beside Irving Waisel.

"Geeze!" Irving whispered. "We're licked!"

"Not yet," muttered Senator Garlock, and he rose and threw back his head and sang, "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing."

THE trial of Jake Skower was ended.

At the last minute Senator Garlock had changed his tactics—had made a powerful plea, backed by alienists, to prove that Jake Skower was insane. His evidence was strong and deftly handled.

A week before the trial, Jake Skower's kid brother, Bill, had been arrested for shoplifting—his first offense—and when Jake heard about it he shouted and screamed and tore at the bars and threatened death to all who had a part in putting the boy in jail.

LINGERING LAGER LICKED BY LITTLE LIFE SAVERS!

CRYST-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
CRYSTAL COOL PEPPERMINTS
LIFE SAVERS

When the Stein Song is over . . . that's the time for a Life Saver. No breath of lager lingers with a Life Saver on the tongue.

IF IT HASN'T A HOLE . . . IT ISN'T A LIFE SAVER

Alienists testified that this was definite evidence of insanity.

Experts who examined him, after his outburst, told of strange delusions. Jake wanted to kill everybody—even Senator Garlock, his counsel. Jake spoke of hearing voices.

Martha Shoemaker told her story. Senator Garlock cross-examined her vigorously but fairly. He was afraid, now, before that audience of his townspeople, to do otherwise. When Martha pointed at Jake Skower, identifying him, Jake looked her straight in the eye. His face was black, his teeth clenched.

The jury was out five hours and came in with the verdict: "Guilty of murder in the first degree."

Martha Shoemaker and Senator Garlock found themselves close together in the grimly pleased crowd that was pushing out of the courtroom.

"Well, Martha," he said quietly, "you had your way." He stepped closer. He was a good loser. He whispered into her ear, "You're a brave girl."

"Thanks," she said. . . .

Back in his office, Senator Garlock put his feet on his desk. He said to Irving: "The funny thing about this case is that I think Jake really is insane."

"Maybe."

The Senator said idly, "They all go insane after a while."

"What do we do next?" Irving asked. "What about an appeal?"

"We won't get anywhere with that."

"Going to help Jake's kid brother?"

Senator Garlock shook his head. "Jake said no. Wants him to plead guilty."

"Now I know he's nuts."

They sat silent for several moments. Finally Irving said: "Jake wants me to get him a gun."

"Nothing doing, Irving!" Senator Garlock exclaimed. "We're not in the jail-break business."

"He offered me a thousand bucks."

"Nothing doing—you hear?"

"Yeah," said Irving. . . .

IT was long after midnight. Martha Shoemaker awoke with a start. She heard steps outside her room. Some one was fumbling at the knob on her door. Terrified, she reached up and turned on a light over her bed.

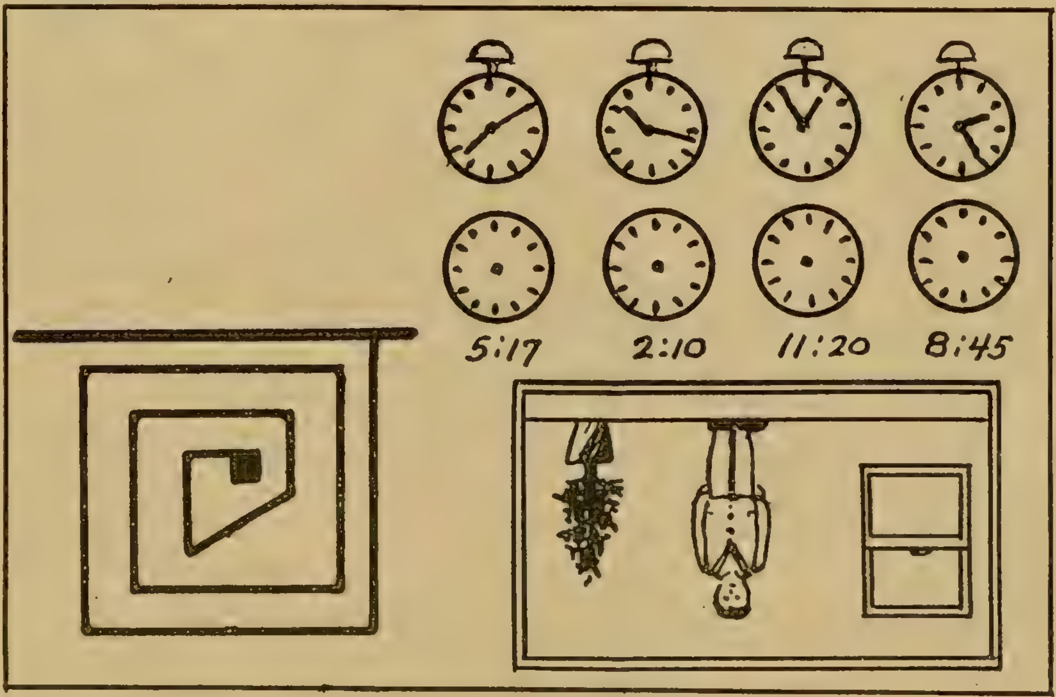
Jake Skower was standing in the doorway. He held a revolver in his right hand. His left arm hung limp and blood dripped from its fingers.

"You've escaped!" she breathed. She pressed her body back into the pillows, waiting. It seemed as if he stood there for hours looking at her dully.

"I'm not going to hurt you, Miss Shoemaker," he said finally. "I came to tell you that you were right." His eyes were opened wide, his lips were apart, his chin was up. Martha had seen people look that way at revival meetings.

## WITWORK

**by JEROME S. MEYER**



Can you tell time in the mirror? If you saw the top row of clocks in a mirror, what time would each one say? Try to fill in the time indicated under each clock in the bottom row, assuming that you are looking at them in the mirror.

The picture shows a view of a man, a window, and a plant as seen through a camera—it is upside down and inverted. Does the man actually move to your left or your right when he moves nearer to the window?

Copy the design in the space directly above it as you would see it if a mirror were placed on the heavy black line.

### AND IT MAKES SENSE

Punctuate the following sentence. Do not rearrange or change the words.

Johnson where I might have had had had had had had had Had I had had had and had Johnson who might have had had had have had I might have passed

THE ANSWERS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 43

Jake said: "I know what you've been saying about Garlock. You're right, Miss Shoemaker. If it hadn't been for him I'd of gone straight. I didn't believe it till they got my kid brother. I just wanted to tell you you were right."

He was gone.

Martha lay limp for a moment. Then she pulled herself out of bed and ran to the telephone.

"The sheriff. Quick! Quick!" she said.

"The ly-un is bus-y," said the operator.

"The police! Anybody!"

"I'm sor-ry. All the police ly-uns are bus-y."

"Get me Senator Garlock. Hurry! For God's sake, hurry!"

"What num-ber, plee-uz?"

"I don't know. Please be quick."

"I'll give you in-for-ma-shun."

Martha dropped the telephone and fumbled at the directory.

At last she got the number. She heard Mrs. Garlock's sleepy voice say, "Hello?"

"Quick! Tell the Senator Jake Skower is loose and—"

"What's that?"

"Jake Skower is loose and—"

"I'll ask the Senator to come to the phone."

"Don't! Don't! Tell him—"

At last Senator Garlock's voice came over the wire: "What about Jake Skower?"

"This is Martha Shoemaker. Jake Skower's escaped. He was just here. I have a hunch that he might come to your house. Be careful!"

"Jake is out? It can't be. He—" His voice became dim. Evidently he turned away from the telephone. She heard faintly, "Who's there? Jake! What are you doing here? . . . God, Jake! You wouldn't do that to *me! Jake!* I'm your *friend!*" . . .

The funeral of Senator David H. Garlock was attended by four mayors, a committee of twelve state Senators, and a number of political associates. The funeral cortège was seven blocks long, the most impressive funeral that ever had been seen in Pawnee Junction.

Jake Skower, who had killed himself after murdering—for no reason as far as folks could figure out—Pawnee Junction's most distinguished citizen, had been buried the day before.

Carriageloads of floral pieces followed Senator Garlock's body to the cemetery. Jake Skower's mother, his only mourner, carried two dollars' worth of roses that she laid on his grave. There was another floral offering there. It must have cost at least ten dollars, Jake's mother told her friends later, and she never knew who sent it. There was a card but no name, and on the card were two mysterious words: "Good hunting!"

The Boy and Girl Scouts headed a successful movement to build a monument to Senator Garlock and it was erected in the park. On the monument was the inscription, "Ever a defender of justice, pure and unsullied."

People said it was a lovely inscription.

THE END

# Excerpts from the Diary of an Old Maid

**Liberty**
is seeking
Short Short Stories
and is willing to pay
up to
Five Hundred
Dollars
apiece
for those acceptable

A SHORT SHORT STORY

### by WYNNE O'BRIEN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THEY'RE coming back from the club dance. Is Andrea with Jim Page or Curt Atherton? Priscilla Lansdale is singing You're My Everything—and Jim Page is *my* everything. Everything I am never to know and which Andrea has had in thrilling measure. Perhaps it's low to harbor such black jealousy against one's only sister.

Andrea looks like father, and it does seem a cruel trick that I should be named Gretchen for mother and nothing of her glorious sweetness came to me. If she had lived she'd understand me— Do all predestined old maids have these fierce conflicts? This utter rage at the injustice which gives one an ardent nature and not the slightest vestige of allure?

*August 1.*—So Andrea has definitely thrown Jim over. Andrea is a silly. What can she find in Curt Atherton which Jim can't top a hundredfold? I wanted desperately to put my arms around him and comfort him, but I just stood awkwardly and said, "Stormy weather, old socks." He tossed me a wintry grin. Then I strode off down to the shore and cut across to my island.

That tiny isle is my sanctuary. There I can do my "creating" in solitude—mostly bum poetry. Priscilla came over the other day and filched one, so I suppose they all know.

*August 4.*—I despise everybody. I looked out and watched them pairing off in the canoes. Jim is with Joscelyn Mears. That's why I didn't go. I'd be extra.

*August 6.*—Yesterday it rained. I drove into town. Bought a few new undies.

*August 7.*—Tonight they all went down to the Plantation to dance. The house was horribly still. I ached with loneliness. I put on my new undies—frothy bits of lace and black georgette.

Then I heard a stirring in the next room. Jim! So he hadn't gone. I listened a moment. Perhaps he was suffering horribly. Don't I *know?* I slipped on my green wool robe and knocked at his door.

"Who is it?"

"It's me—Gretchen. May I have a cigarette?"

He let me in.

"Jim," I ventured, "were you terribly in love with Andrea?"

He came over to me with the cigarettes and lighted them, looking at me very oddly. "Why—not enough to—hurt me much, Gretchen. Andrea is adorable, but—well, it's sort of always been Curt, don't you think?"

I pressed my face against his shoulder. Swiftly he bent and brushed my chin with his mouth. Then he pushed me out of the room!

WYNNE O'BRIEN *was born in Boston not so very long ago, and is of real Irish descent. Seventh in a family of ten, she has had every facility to study human emotions. She has had a number of jobs but describes writing as an intensive course in exasperation, concentration, and also perspiration.*

*August 9.*—Dark thoughts crowd me heavily. Jim is avoiding me.

Read until twelve. Looked across at my island. Over there was peace and release. The night was stifling, but the lake was ice-cold. I sat on the shore thinking of Jim. Of his eyes—the long clean length of him. Then—Jim's voice:

"Say, Gretchen, what in time are you doing? It's after two and may I ask if you've gone daffy?" He was about twenty feet out. Black hopelessness welled over me. I ran to the water, plunged, came up, flung my arms over my head and went down. A few seconds of eternity—then Jim grasping my shoulder.

He helped me in and then sprawled beside me on the sand, smoothing back his wet hair.

"Now suppose you give me a logical reason for acting cuckoo—can you? You didn't mean to—" The real concern in his voice warmed me.

"I'm too good a swimmer to drown," I answered shortly. "Shall we go back now?"

We swam over close together without another word.

"I left the porch door open," Jim said as we walked up the beach.

In the blackness we were not visible to each other. I only know his head was close to mine as he whispered, "I think I know at least part of your—trouble. It's mighty sweet to me."

Then he stalked abruptly away.

He must know now that I care—did he mean he cared a little too? Will I ever know?

*August 10.*—Father and I breakfasted alone this morning. He remarked that Jim had left for town at six o'clock. I spoke bitterly: "Didn't even bother to say good-by."

"He'll be down for the Labor Day week-end," father replied.

Father's fine-looking, and a darling. Yet he never remarried. How he must have adored that other beautiful Gretchen!

"My dear," he began, "sometimes no doubt it's gone hard with you—black hours, and no one to confide in. I've trusted to the heritage of sweetness your mother left you. It was the only way. Your mother was very, very lovely. I loved her when she was just seventeen—but I waited five years before I asked her to marry me. You see, Gretchen, it doesn't pay to snatch greedily at life." He rose and came round to my chair and laid his hand on my head. "You will be—very, very like her, dear. Remember that—you will make—*her*—live again for me."

I'm sitting here in my room, this glorious miracle pouring itself through me. If it's true "men rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things"—what a heavenward leap I've taken—because—

I will be *seventeen* tomorrow!

THE END

# Life Begins at

### *And Wisdom Arrives at Five! What the Business of Being a $1,250-a-Week Star Has Done to Shirley Temple*

### by SIDNEY SKOLSKY

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

WALTER B. PITKIN is wrong. Life Begins at Four.

He knew nothing about the movies. He didn't take into consideration the sensational career of the kid star, Shirley Temple.

Shirley, the only actress in pictures whose weight is the same numeral as her height—43 pounds and 43 inches tall—is a box-office sensation at the age of five. It was not an overnight hop, skip, and jump for kid Shirley. There were long years of struggle and preparation for stardom. She only started to get into her stride at four. Yes, Mr. Pitkin, Life Begins at Four.

We will follow the career of Shirley Jane Temple from the cradle to the present day. To start we have to take the road back, way back to 1929. It is Monday evening, April 23, nine o'clock. A third child is born to the sedate bank manager George Temple and his wife Gertrude, a typical housewife.

We see Shirley in her cradle and stand guard over her for eight months, waiting. At eight months she stands up in her cradle, hears music, and wiggles her toes trying to dance. This is the first sign.

There are patient years of waiting. Other parents might have given up hope; other youngsters might have despaired of trying to be a child star. Not the Temples! For three years Shirley stays at home, and whenever she hears music she breaks into a dance.

Next, at three, little Shirley Temple is sent to dancing school. This is similar to Lynn Fontanne going to a dramatic academy to take a course in acting.

Four months later at this dancing school Shirley is noticed by Charles Lamont, a director for Educational Pictures. Mr. Lamont is a depositor at the bank where Mr. Temple is manager. It is Mr. Temple who has asked Lamont to notice his daughter.

Shirley starts acting in motion pictures, baby burlesque comedies. She is a leading lady at the beginning. Her leading man is a baby boy named George Smith. Her salary is a mere ten dollars a day. Those are the hardships and hard knocks that a baby star must expect.

It wasn't all a joy ride to fame for Shirley. There might have been a scene at home in which mama and papa scolded Shirley for being a failure. They probably pointed to Baby LeRoy and said: "Look at him, not half your age yet, and he's starring with Chevalier and making a hundred and fifty dollars a week!"

Perhaps this was what spurred Shirley. Soon she was graduated into a series of shorts called Frolics of Youth. Her salary was fifteen dollars a day. She was also hired out to play small rôles in features.

A feature she played in was the Western, To the Last Man, at Paramount. It was this studio that later paid big money to borrow her to star in Little Miss Marker, and Now and Forever. While making To the Last Man, Harpo Marx—busy on the same lot in Duck Soup—noticed Shirley and fell in love with her. He wanted to adopt her. He went to Mrs. Temple and offered her $50,000 for Shirley. Mrs. Temple refused to sell.

Until Shirley appeared in Stand Up and Cheer she never received much attention or big money. Since then a number of people have been pinning medals on themselves for getting Shirley that job. This is the true story:

Lew Brown was looking for a cute youngster for that picture to sing Baby, Take a Bow. Jay Gorney, who wrote the music for Brown's words, went to a movie to pass a Hollywood evening. On the program was a preview of Pardon My Puff, one of those kid shorts with Shirley. Jay was introduced to Mrs. Temple that evening and arranged an appointment for her and her daughter to meet Lew Brown.

One rehearsal, and the search for the kid for Stand Up and Cheer was over. The first number shot for that picture was Baby, Take a Bow. Winnie Sheehan looked at the rushes and realized he had a screen personality. He never dreamed he had the screen sensation of the year. She was signed for seven years at $150 a week. Still short of her fifth birthday, she was making more money than her father.

We will not peep behind the scenes at Shirley Temple at work. She is a natural. She doesn't know anything about the technique of acting and therefore she is herself. The public, delighted to see something genuine on the screen, takes her to its bosom; and Shirley Temple with her dimples becomes America's newest sweetheart.

Until now, Shirley has seen only one motion picture: Jackie Cooper in Skippy. She is the only actress who can't read her press clippings. All these are strong points in her favor.

Also she can't read the lines of the scene she is to play

Fox Film photo

Baby, take a contract—"the only one issued in Hollywood that doesn't contain a morality clause!" Father signs it, Mother approves.

# FOUR

Fox Film photo

"Now sparkle, Shirley, sparkle!" Mrs. Temple used to say, coaching her—but since she became a star it's "Come on, now. Play it like Shirley Temple would!"

Educational Pictures photo

Left: Life beginning at four, with Shirley in a baby burlesque comedy, her start in pictures, as leading lady—on "a mere $10 a day."

before the camera. Every night before she is put to bed—bedtime is usually about eight—Mrs. Temple reads to her the scene she is to make the next day. Shirley repeats line after line as she hears it. She has a remarkable memory and knows the dialogue after two rehearsals.

The next morning at breakfast time Shirley must recite the lines she learned the night before. Her memory is much keener in the morning. Then to the studio. Her best scenes are generally shot early in the day. Seldom while the camera is turning does she forget a line. No matter how many times a particular scene must be played, Shirley Temple will always play it the same way, right down to the gesture and the intonation of the voice. Unless, of course, she is instructed otherwise by the director.

She is eager to work. It is a game to her. She doesn't know what it is all about.

Shirley's mother sits in a chair on the set watching, like a football coach who has just sent in the star player. Before a scene is taken Mrs. Temple will give the final instructions to her player. She says: "Now sparkle, Shirley, sparkle!" So far, this is Shirley Temple at the hitching post, hitching her wagon to a star. Later we will take another peep behind the scenes to look at Shirley Temple the star.

An odd thing about Shirley is that she is not emotional. It is difficult to get her to laugh outright for a scene; she smiles readily. It is even more difficult to get her to cry. A director has to resort to tricks. In Little Miss Marker they got her to cry by not letting her mother on the set. Then they told Shirley that her mother had rushed away to see about their new car, purchased that week, which had just been wrecked. Hearing that her new bright-colored auto was ruined, little Shirley Temple cried like a baby.

Shirley uses no make-up. Her golden hair, naturally curly, her hazel eyes, her two dimples, and her cute smile are make-up enough. There are no wrinkles, bad skin, or blemishes to hide. Mrs. Temple may take out her powder puff and dab the tip of Shirley's nose to keep it from shining, but that's all the make-up she uses.

It is useless to deny that success changes people, even kid stars. It also affects the lives of their parents.

It starts with the reviews of Little Miss Marker being read to Shirley. Fan mail is also read to her. Shirley is taken into a projection room to see the picture. It is the first time she has seen herself on the screen. She likes herself very much and applauds often.

Now Shirley Temple begins to know what it is all about.

The little youngster's fame has affected the routine of the entire family. Her mother has to be a mother, a guardian, a dramatic coach, and a nursemaid.

She takes Shirley to work. She sits on the set all day under hot arc lights and watches the child. She teaches Shirley her lines at night.

SIDNEY SKOLSKY *was a press agent on Broadway and a Broadway columnist before his present assignment, which is "covering and uncovering Hollywood." He claims the distinction of being the one newspaperman who got on a Garbo set and watched the aloof Garbo work.*

Father Temple stays in the bank, his chest swelling with the usual pride. He calls for his wife and daughter at the studio every day at five. He points proudly to the fact that business has increased at the bank because people want to gaze at Shirley Temple's father. At home he has to wait an extra hour for dinner. Shirley gets first attention. Her wants are satisfied first. She is the head of the family.

Shirley's two brothers—Jack, age eighteen, and George, fourteen—are amazed by their tiny sister. At first it is unbelievable, and they go to the movies again to see the picture and try to get used to it. Then they also become a part of it. Now Jack and George sit at home and answer Shirley's fan mail, send out her photographs, and paste her clippings into the special press book.

THE Temples, just everyday folks, have suddenly been pushed into the spotlight. They suddenly have to deal with agents, business managers, executives, and movie stars. They are now in close contact with people they have looked upon with awe from a distance. They are bewildered.

Shirley Temple is offered $10,000 for a week of personal appearances at the Paramount Theater. . . . Shirley Temple is offered a young fortune to go on the radio. . . . Shirley Temple is offered money to indorse this and Shirley Temple is offered money to do that. . . . Another picture company offers Shirley Temple $80,000 to make one picture. . . .

And all the while Shirley Temple is under contract to Fox for seven years at $150 a week.

The Temples are bewildered, puzzled, annoyed, and angry. They have the magic password to a fortune and are not permitted to utter the word. They know the history of the screen's kid stars. They must do the collecting now. Jane and Katherine Lee, Clara Horton, Baby Peggy, Davey (Sonny Boy) Lee, and Jackie Coogan are merely a few of the kids who outgrew fame.

The story is made forceful to them, for on the very set on which Shirley is making Now and Forever there is working the first baby star of pictures.

This baby star was the Shirley Temple of her day. And today, at the age of twenty-four, she is trying to make a comeback. Her name is Ynez Seabury. She has been in pictures longer than Cecil B. De Mille, Charles Chaplin, Lillian Gish, and other pioneers of the industry. She was a star back when screen players didn't get their names in the billing. Ynez Seabury was known and billed as "The Biograph Baby," a trade-mark second only to "The Biograph Girl," who later became famous as Mary Pickford.

There is only one former kid movie star who grew up and amounted to something in pictures, and that is Madge Evans. The odds are too great against Shirley Temple. They don't pay off on past performances at the race track or at the picture studios.

After many weeks of wrangling, the Fox studio finally consented to give America's doll friend a new contract.

Shirley Temple's new contract calls for Miss Temple to receive $1,000 every week and for Mrs. Temple to receive $250 every week for her services on the set. The most unusual thing about Shirley Temple's contract is that it is the only one issued in Hollywood that doesn't contain a morality clause.

Shirley Temple is having her day. She should be allowed to rule it supreme. We will now take that peep behind the scenes and watch Queen Shirley at work.

SHE has learned something of the technique of acting. She has learned enough to try to be the nearest player to the camera. She knows how to steal scenes. Now that she is a star, the actors and actresses who previously thought her cute, and did everything to help her, are on the lookout. They don't want her to strut away with their scenes. She has learned tricks to fight their tricks.

Shirley acts like a grown star. She goes to the projection room to see the daily rushes now. All reviews are read to her. She is interviewed at least once a week. She has become too smart for her age. Her mother asks: "You don't believe Shirley has become spoiled, do you?" It's something that can't be guarded against. It happens to all kid stars.

She believes all interviews are foolish. "They all ask you the same questions," says Shirley. They all ask: "And what is your favorite color? What's your ambition?" One interviewer, once a noted actress, was annoyed because Shirley Temple wasn't aware who she was.

Shirley now has a stand-in. The stand-in, Marilyn Grannas, is a girl of her own age. While other performers are doing a scene, Shirley and Marilyn play on the rear of the stage. Marilyn is Shirley's only playmate.

Shirley Temple the picture star doesn't get much time to play. It's home to eat, to learn lines, and to sleep. It's to the studio to pose for pictures, to be interviewed, to work before the camera. Shirley has to be careful of her companions. She can't wander about the neighborhood and play with any one. She is now a curiosity and there are the cranks and kidnapers.

The only time Shirley plays with a doll is when she is posing for a still photograph which will be published in a fan magazine to show the public how Shirley plays at home with her dolls.

Shirley realizes she is a movie star. One day on the set the still photographer wanted to take some pictures and asked her to wait for him. He was delayed a little longer than he had expected. Shirley loudly said:

"Make the pictures now or not at all. I can't wait for you!"

A child has been transformed into a movie star, a kid movie star. There ought to be a law.

Before, when Shirley's mother sent her in to play a scene, she'd say: "Sparkle, Shirley, sparkle!" Now, after watching Shirley make a scene that has to be done again, the child star is told: "Come on, now. Play it like Shirley Temple would play it."

Shirley Temple has a bank account in her name and she has electric lights spelling out her name throughout the nation, and she is still trying to learn how to write that name.

Yes, Mr. Pitkin. Life Begins at Four. Yet there is Baby LeRoy, age two, who doesn't want to be all washed up when he is four.

THE END

# Tears, Triangles, Talk

***A New Child Find and Miss Crawford's Clothes Make News in the Conversational Pictures***

by

**BEVERLY HILLS**

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

### ★ ★ ★ YOU BELONG TO ME

THE PLAYERS: Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, Helen Morgan, David Jack Holt, Arthur Pierson, Lynne Overman, and others. Directed by Alfred Werker. Story by Elizabeth Alexander.

ALL too rarely does a picture like this appear—a distinctly "little" picture that is wafted into the better class through its subtle mating of alert direction, fine acting, persuasive photography, and true, sound situations. This happy combination emerges with a film beguiling with nostalgic charm and as gentle as a country landscape.

The plot suffers surprisingly little from its being concerned, actually, with two stories. The main thread of action unravels the story of one of those typical young untalented troupers who used to bog down the bills in the dreary five-a-day vaudeville. As the picture opens, her husband has just died. Left alone with her little son, penniless, actless, and no bookings in sight, she falls for a smoothie who eventually skips off with a blonde. With a blank wall for a future, the girl commits suicide by hurling herself into the orchestra pit at the completion of her act.

From then on the film treats of her son and his adopters, a putty-nose comedian and a big-time vaudevillian, and treats of them with such intelligent sincerity that You Belong to Me is quite likely to be the high point in this year's tear producers.

Helen Mack, mildly burdened by a blonde wig, is quite flawless as the young suicide, bringing the rôle exactly the right proportion of pathetic mediocrity and repressed emotional intensity. After a series of pale parts she is at last given something to work on, and does it with more fluent ability than any other of the newer players have so far exhibited.

Lee Tracy, actually soft and slow of speech, is fine as the girl's friend. The lachrymose Helen Morgan appears briefly and effectively as the vaudeville star. But it is a new child find, one David Jack Holt, who becomes the hit of the piece. With none of the sly beguilement of Miss Shirley Temple, young David looks like a very definite threat to her hardly warmed throne. He is much more natural and plays his emotional scenes with a truth and sensitiveness baffling to the adult observer. You'd better see him before he changes.

Otto Kruger, Joan Crawford, and Clark Gable in Chained. The upper photo shows Lee Tracy and Helen Mack in You Belong to Me.

VITAL STATISTICS: Lee Tracy's father wanted Lee to be an electrical engineer, his mother a sawbones. Lee compromised: became an actor. Talked his way glibly into The Show-Off on Broadway stage and has been talking glibly ever since. Though gabby in real life, is no wisecracker-barrel star. Made biggest success in Jed Harris's Broadway. Second biggest in Mexico City, where it was claimed he had insulted Mex gov't during filming of Viva Villa! using Mex soldier as lamp-post. Uses pace and timing to make his own talk seem incessant. Likes quiet country purlieus and Hollywood, but intends some day to retire to a Times Square apartment where he can rest midst the din of traffic. Wages: oh, around $1,250 a week, his Mex adventure probably having cost him a thousand per. . . . Helen Mack, started in vodvil at six by Vera Gordon, has humbly trouped the country's hamlets. Hopes to retrace her steps some day as a star. Likes to give autographs, loathes pretty-girl rôles, gets about $750 per, tap-dances expertly, finds her male ideal in Gary Cooper and her female in Mae West. She can sing better with her shoes off and so always removes them when she can. . . . Lynne Overman was once a jockey and played in famous stage race-horse opera Checkers. . . . Helen Morgan is of Danville, Illinois. She's a rabid exponent of the be-yourself school of acting; tends to plumpness, defeating it by furious dieting; gets about $1,000 a week; and has something or other to do with a piano. . . . Earle Foxe, once movie vilyun, now runs veddy fashionable Hollywood Black-Foxe Military School. . . . Little David Holt is six and his auto-salesman papa's pride 'n' joy. Gets about $150 a week (standard starlet fee before contract litigations set in). Replaced little Dickie Moore in picture when Dickie took mastoiditis suddenly. Can weep at will by covering face with hands. It takes two minutes, but he can keep tears flowing indefinitely. . . . Old troupers in film: Tom Plank, circus clown who invented driverless auto; Sam Rice of burlesque and once parody king of America; and hoofer Al Gordon, who tutored Gaby Des Lys in United States hoofing. . . . Dorothy "Dolly" Jarvis, daughter of Sir William Pepperal Jarvis, deceased, of England, is in Hollywood with mother, Lady Estelle Jarvis, to seek fortune—father's fat will having been busted by an uncle. Was born in Oakland, California, during American trip. . . . The Rev. Neal Dodd is genuine, pastoring at Hollywood's famous Little Church Around the Corner. He has played in 200 films. . . . Pauline Loretta, trapezist, almost fell fifty feet during filming when she missed a swing; 250 spectators laughed when she grabbed a high curtain, they thinking it a gag.

### ★ ★ ½ CHAINED

THE PLAYERS: Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Otto Kruger, Stuart Erwin, Una O'Connor, Marjorie Gateson, Akim Tamiroff. Directed by Clarence Brown. Story by Edgar Selwyn.

JOAN CRAWFORD travels all the way to Buenos Aires in Chained, her latest assault on the box office. And she goes even farther south in her sensational apparel, which features, among other equally alarming numbers, a backless swimming suit topped off by an intricate Ascot scarf,

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Jean Muir and George Brent in Desirable, a novel triangle picture.

and a riding outfit—boots, breeches, and all—of snow-white suède.

Laid in the tinsel world which M. G. M. has created for her, Miss Crawford is seen as the inamorata and secretary of her married boss, Otto Kruger.

When his wife refuses to divorce him, Kruger, millionaire owner of a shipping line, sends Joan off on a cruise, giving her time to think things over and exhibit her vacation wardrobe.

While steaming south she meets Clark Gable, certainly a great sales point for any ship, and after some vigorous preliminaries on board and later at his South American ranch they conclude that the only solution for their collective happiness is holy and immediate marriage. Dashing back to New York to break the sad news to Kruger, Joan discovers that he has, after all, achieved unwedded bliss and is all set to legalize their romance.

Too soft-hearted to let him down now, she goes through with the marriage to her boss, letting Gable hold the bag down in South America.

The film reaches its peak when Gable pops back into New York, and Crawford, twisted by her loyalties and emotions, is forced to choose between him and her husband.

Chained follows the opulent pattern on which Crawford has built her popularity, and with the bolstering effect of Gable's appearance — though he seemed quite bored with his rôle—it is certain to be widely seen.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture, originally announced as adaptation of Arnold Bennett's Sacred and Profane Love, is now curiously dubbed original story by Edgar Selwyn, stage sob brother. . . . Picture reunited Crawford-Gable, big draw at b. o. . . . Gable was born in Cadiz, Ohio, about thirty-five years ago. Admits to thirty-two. Is movie-plugged as average man and a great hand for his horses, dogs, and cleaning his gun. Has famous aural appendages, kin to Garbo's feet. Springs of good German stock, losing mother at early age. Low funds kept him from being medico. Has been rubber-factory timekeeper, oil-well man, phone worker, leading stage man. Got movie start as extra in Lubitsch film: $7.50 a day to stand motionless hour on hour in Grenadier Guards uniform. Hated it. Makes about $3,500 a week. His Hollywood digs are a model of perfection and good quiet taste. Mixes little in Hollywood society. Races his own stable, hunts fall deer, smokes a ten-cent brand of pipe tobacco, likes fast cars, listens to radio police calls hour on hour. . . . Beautiful mouther and shaper Joan Crawford, ex-Mrs. Doug Fairbanks, née Lucille La Sueur (altered to avoid drainage connotation), née Billie Cassin, is a San Antonio, Texas, product, daughter to theater-chain owner. Is convent taught; very serious about herself, her career, and her love. Can carry on a public love affair with brilliant dramatic restraint. Will positively not marry Franchot Tone, yet positively will. Franchot coached her riding for Chained. Her press agents claim her a $4,000 a week; birdies whisper $1,250. No matter how much, she has just opened ducky new swimming pool next to her little garden theater (which abuts her badminton courts) on her large estate. She wears nineteen gowns in picture, all designed by Adrian, a sweet designer. Watch for Adrian's new modernized 1850 hoop skoit, goils. Crawford rises at 7 A. M. by alarm clock when working, retiring by ten thirty. She averages seventy-five hours a week, compared with forty for the average stenog. She has no bathtubs in home. Tub baths put her to sleep. Only showers. . . . Director Clarence Brown made smash sensation in Garbo's World Flesh Devil and smash flop in Trail of '98. Is married to Alice Joyce, and gets his $4,000 a week and enjoys it. . . . Otto Kruger is Saranac Lake bass-fishing champ; worked in another picture during Chained filming; gets $1,000 *die Woche;* is expert voice culturist, learning from Robert Hosea, N. Y.'s famous voice placer, and voice-coaches his fellow stars gratis. . . . South American sets used in film are really on 148-year-old hacienda twenty miles from Hollywood.

## ★ ★ ½ DESIRABLE

THE PLAYERS: Jean Muir, George Brent, Verree Teasdale, John Halliday, Charles Starrett, Russell Hopton. Directed by Archie Mayo. Story by Mary McCall, Jr.

DESIRABLE is an adroit and often amusing version of a novel triangle situation, this time the trio being composed of a mother and daughter who are involved with the same male.

The characters are soundly established, sympathetically understood, and humorously treated. But after its splendid beginning, the film's brightness fades somewhat and its pleasantly alive people become just players after all.

For the most part, though, Desirable is highly entertaining. The elegant Verree Teasdale, George Brent, and Jean Muir perform in such amiably graceful style that even the faulty treatment of the high-society family with whom the up-and-coming Jean Muir gets herself entangled cannot entirely overshadow their efforts.

Verree Teasdale is a delight as the actress who finally achieves Broadway acclaim after years in the sticks and who fears to lose the newly acquired success if the public finds out that she has a grown daughter. The daughter, encouraged by Brent, overcomes her mother's hesitancy and launches into the social whirl. With her mother's ex-paramour for a guide, she begins the round of débutante parties, finally winding up the season engaged to the scion of one of the best families.

This set-up is convincingly developed and colored with casually bright dialogue. The people are real; the action is smooth and delightfully easy. But when Miss Muir vacations at her fiancé's country home the film suddenly goes haywire. His family, supposed to be of New York's oldest and finest, behave, in the theatric tradition, like a bunch of snobbish upstarts.

VITAL STATISTICS: Jean Muir, twenty-three in February, finished her education at the Sorbonne in Paris. Real name: Jean Muir Fullarton. Made screen début as corpse in Bureau of Missing Persons. Reputed to wear Greek togas and sandals at home. Intends retiring when she gets to $250,000. Reputed to get only $250 a week now—just a struggling beginner's wage—figure out how far away $250,000 is yourself. Her shoes are size 9½, or much larger than Garbo's. She's five feet seven, or one of the tallest gals on the screen. Cameramen say she has perfect camera face—symmetrical from all angles: they don't have to worry about how to shoot her. Occupies a star dressing room following success in As the Earth Turns. Squabbled with Kay Francis on Dr. Monica set, according to informers, telling the Francis something to effect, "Of course you know I have the best part in this picture." . . . George Brent is the George Nolan who recently applied for citizenship. Is Irish and recipient of about $1,000 a week. He just got pilot's license. Warners insisted he be insured when playing opposite Garbo in Painted Veil. Not because of flying, however, but because he has to play polo in the film. . . . Verree Teasdale recently bought two trousseaus for her Menjou hitchment. That is, the one she got on a New York vacation was bought from her by studio filming Firebird, so she went out and got herself another. Union with Menjou should read, "Screen's Best Dressed Woman Weds Screen's Best Dressed Man." Verree is pronounced like Marie. She gets about $750 a week and Menjou is not related to Fu Menjou. . . . Director Archie Mayo is one of Hollywood's biggest men equatorially. Never uses megaphones, puttees, or other De Mille effects. . . . Desirable was first known as A Lady Surrenders until clean-up movement started.

## ★ ★ HAVE A HEART

THE PLAYERS: Jean Parker, James Dunn, Una Merkel, Stuart Erwin, Willard Robertson, Kate Price. Directed by David Butler. Story by B. G. de Sylva and Davie Butler.

THE surprising thing about Have a Heart is that it's as good as it is. Using about every sure-fire situation known to the cinema—even the one where the crippled girl suddenly regains the use of her legs at the sight of her lover—the film bounces along its timeworn path with a great deal of energy and freshness.

The elfin Jean Parker handles her Pollyanna rôle with Janet Gaynorish technique and seems pointed toward being a dangerous contender for top honors in the Cinderella field. Jimmie Dunn as the ice-cream salesman, Stuart Erwin, and Una Merkel lend Miss Parker able assistance in her initial starring venture, a film calculated to exploit all the homely appeal of sweetness, kindness, modesty, and properly girlish coquetry.

And if she is not to our personal taste in cinema heroines, thousands of movie fans are going to prove we have no taste.

VITAL STATISTICS: Original screen story by Director Butler plus Buddy de Sylva, songster. . . . La Jean Parker, schooled at Muir High, Pasadena, excelling in painting and music. Was spotted by Louis B. Mayer's secretary on Olympic Games (1932) poster and given screen start. Has naturally curly chestnut hair, kept aureoleish with shampoo mess including four eggs and bay rum. Favorite dish: beef stew plentifully green-pea-strewn. Weighs 109, is five feet three, deliciously slim, has deep-blue-gray eyes, allows hair to shoulder-hang; favors allusion to Peter Pan; is rarely ill; wants to write; likes tall dark-eyed handsome gents; knocks off about $750 a week and recently got roadster as bonus from M. G. M. . . . James Dunn quit Wall Street for stage; collects bright-colored ties; wanted to be a mechanical engineer; has sold lunch wagons on the road; doesn't like to comb his hair; also sold automobiles; once made $10,000 in ten weeks on market, to lose it in ten minutes; thinks his $750 per safer investment. Unmarried but is wooing Hollywood nymphs butterfly-like. . . . Una Merkel draws down $1,000 a week and plays the first crying scenes of her career in this film. Is expert comédienne. . . . Biddy-looking, bun-topped, Mack-Sennettorial Kate Price is back on screen after a two-years convalescence from a nasty Palm Spring motor accident. . . . Stu Erwin, $1,000 weekly, is wedded to June Collyer, by whom Stu Erwin, Jr., a likely cute brat.

## FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Three Silly Symphonies, The Barretts of Wimpole Street, One Night of Love, Twentieth Century, Tarzan and His Mate, Viva Villa! The Big Bad Wolf, No Greater Glory, The House of Rothschild, It Happened One Night, The Lost Patrol.

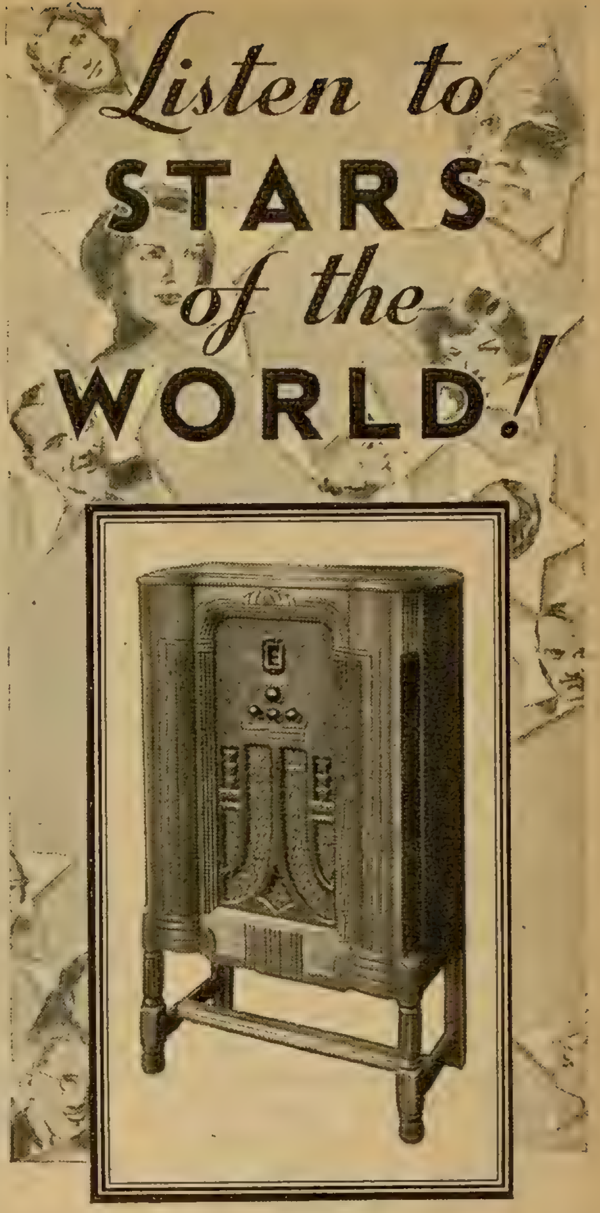
★★★—Madame du Barry, Judge Priest, Hide-Out, Now and Forever, The World Moves On, Cleopatra, Treasure Island, Grand Canary, The Last Gentleman, The Affairs of Cellini, The Man with Two Faces, Murder on the Blackboard, Little Miss Marker, Midnight Alibi, Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, Manhattan Melodrama, Double Door, All Men Are Enemies, Sisters Under the Skin, Glamour, Stand Up and Cheer, The Witching Hour, I'll Tell the World, Famous Scenes from Pagliacci, 20,000,000 Sweethearts, You're Telling Me, Men in White, Wild Cargo, The Crime Doctor, As the Earth Turns, Looking for Trouble, David Harum, Wonder Bar, Carolina, The Cat and the Fiddle.

# TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—When was the first World's Series baseball game played?
2—Where is the Gold Coast?
3—Who wrote the lines beginning "There is enough bad in the best of us and enough good in the worst of us"?
4—What city in the United States had the first professional baseball team?
5—Is Columbus Day celebrated as a holiday by all the states?
6—The Indian oak is what?
7—What grass sometimes grows 100 feet high?
8—Who invented Portland cement?
9—At what temperature does gold melt?
10—A mechanic's lien is what?
11—What are sumptuary laws?
12—What is a manifest?
13—A dicrotism is what?
14—What is baggitaway?
15—What is broadtail fur?
16—What is the difference between chocolate and cocoa?
17—A vara is what?
18—How many times have the same two men served eight years as President and Vice President of the United States?
19—How many states have an equal number of Representatives and Senators in Congress?
20—What is the origin of manicure?

*(Answers will be found on page 55)*



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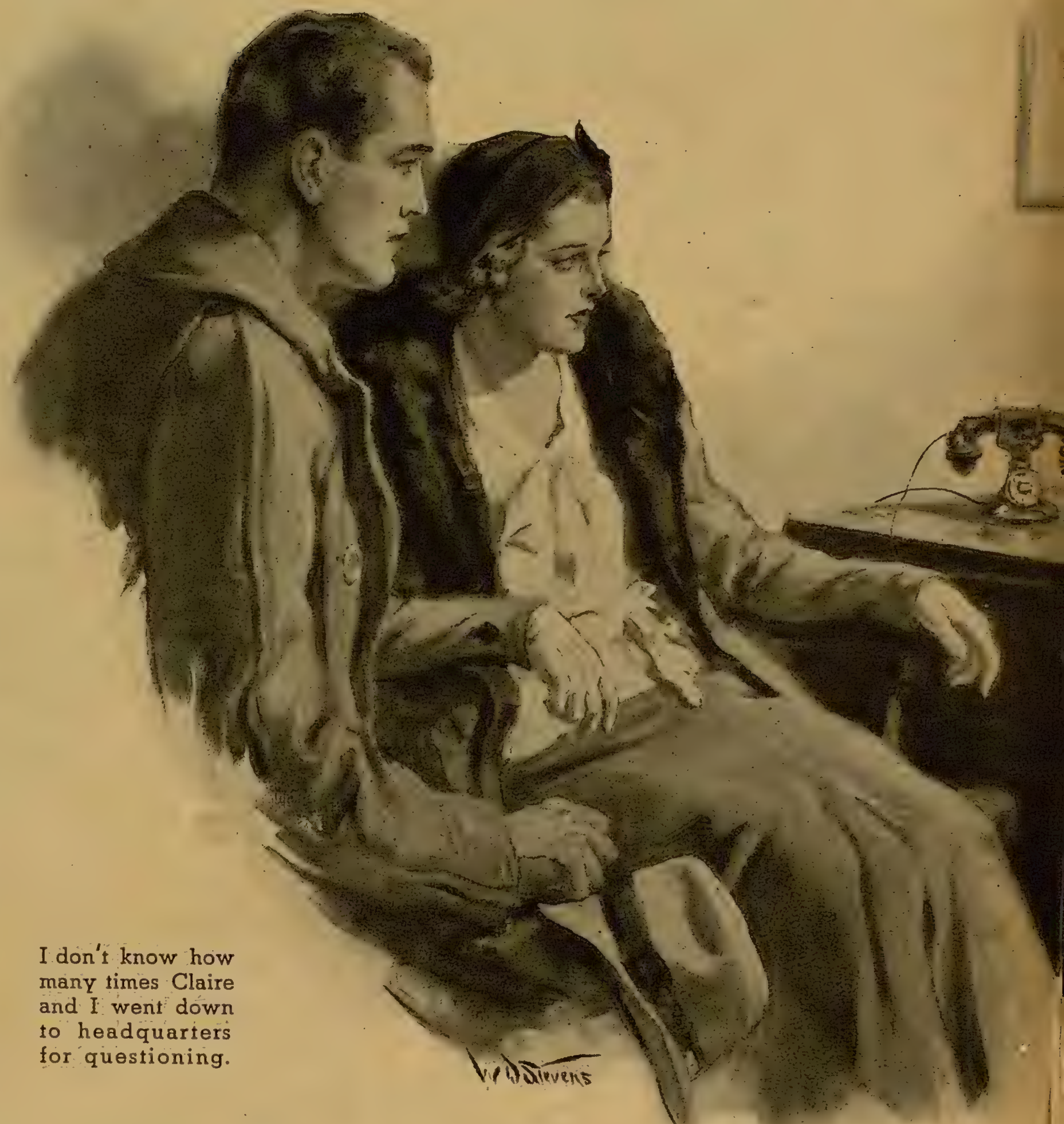


I don't know how many times Claire and I went down to headquarters for questioning.

ROBERT QUINLANT BROWN, twenty-seven, gets a job as contact man for Hungerford, Watkins, Brierly and Bents, salvage engineers in New York City. His duties normally will be to maintain contacts with the firm's projects of salvaging sunken and stranded ships. But Hungerford first sends him to check on Brierly, who has failed to appear for work. Brown finds the missing partner murdered in his bachelor apartment.

Two glasses and some bottles are on a table, indicating that the victim had had a visitor before he was shot the night before. The furnishings were smashed, showing a terrific fight. Soot-covered fireplace utensils are on the floor, but Brown observes that the palms of Brierly's hands are white and clean. The bed is rumpled around its edges, but the covering beneath the body is smooth. The gun is gone and the slayer evidently carefully wiped away all fingerprints before he escaped. No clue was left to the crime.

That evening after work Brown takes Claire Winton, the pretty reception-room clerk, to dinner. They return to the office later for her forgotten purse, and in Hungerford's private office find his red-headed secretary, Mary Boley, dead. Her body is hanging from the chandelier. A chair was upset on the floor near by, as if she had committed suicide, and Claire tells Hungerford that Vera, another secretary in the office, had said Mary was wildly in love with an Argentine dancer. A telephone rings but the caller suddenly disconnects when Brown answers.

Brown finally escorts Claire to a subway, and a man trails them. Though she doesn't appear to notice him, Brown sees Claire in conversation with the stranger as the train pulls out. Returning to the office building, Brown learns from the elevator operators that nobody went up to the firm's sixty-eighth floor offices that evening, when Mary met her death. Hungerford comes down alone and hails a taxicab, and Brown follows him in another cab. Brown now continues with the story.

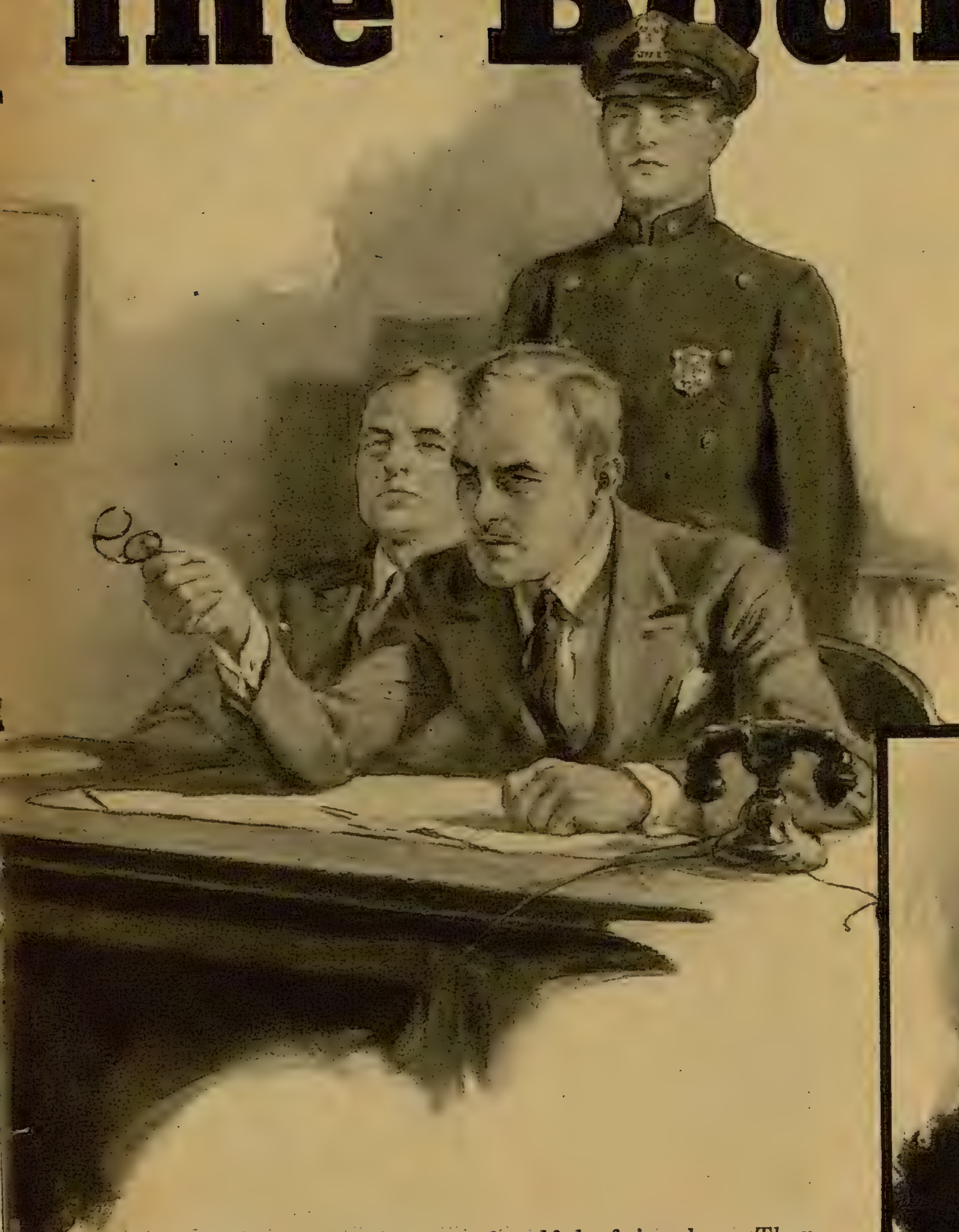
### PART TWO — A KISS AND A WARNING

HUNGERFORD'S cab pulled up at a rather cheesy brick apartment house on the West Side in Greenwich Village. He got out. I had my man drive past and I saw him opening the front door with a latchkey. I stopped down the block and paid the man. Then I looked at the bells on the house. There was no "Hungerford."

I guessed that there might be a fire escape on the rear, so I hunted for it. I cut my wrist on a barrel hoop and hurt my ankle a little by jumping down from a shed roof. There was a fire escape all right, and in a minute I was looking through the length of what was evidently Hungerford's apartment. He had drawn the blinds, but the blinds were old, and a crack is ample scope for your eye if you can get the pupil near enough to it.

It was a severe apartment with nice neat furniture and good rugs. Hungerford was in the front room. There were two large rooms in the place. He had taken off his coat, put on a dressing gown, made himself a highball, and was sitting drinking it. He rose after a while and unlocked a closet. Out of the closet he dragged a large metal chest. He unlocked the chest—it was an old one,

# the Bodies



***Murder and Mystery and Tingling Romance in as Unexpected a Story as You're Likely to Read This Year***

### by PHILIP WYLIE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. D. STEVENS

I thought—and fished out a handful of jewelry. Then he picked up in his other hand about ten gold coins. He hefted them. He grinned faintly. He put everything back—jewelry, coins, chest, and all—and returned to his chair.

After that he undressed and went to bed. I ducked before he pulled up his blinds, but I was so cold by then that ducking was difficult and painful. I sneaked through a few back yards and came out on the street. I hailed a heated taxicab, went up to Grand Central, claimed my suitcase at the check room, and walked over to the Hotel Post.

I registered. I thought the clerk gave me a quick glance when I did it, but I paid no attention. Enough had happened for one day. I was tired. . . .

I didn't want to think that Claire had anything to do with a mug like the one she picked up in the subway. Yet I'd seen them talking like old friends.

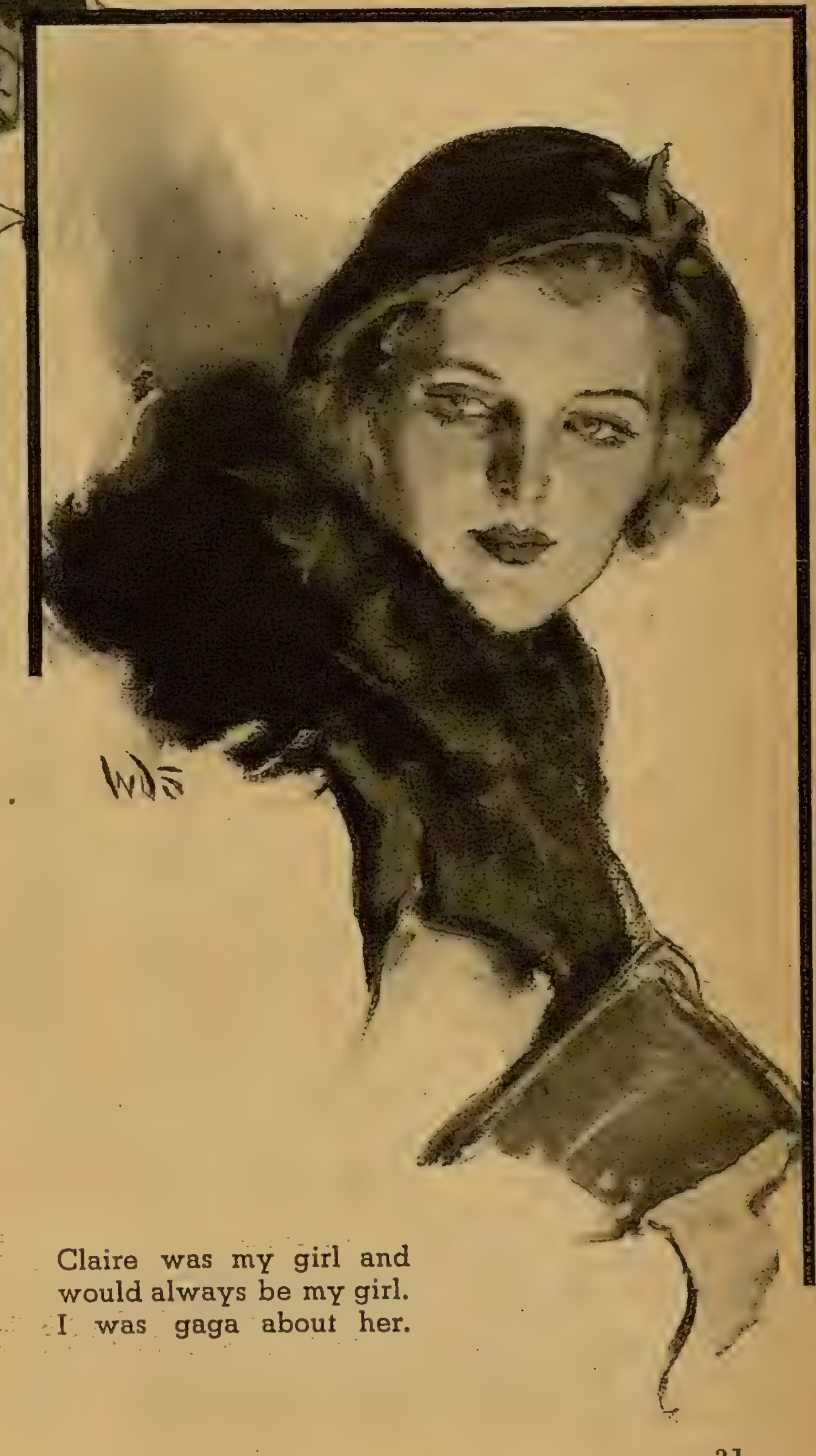
And I couldn't make any sense at all of Hungerford's hideaway and that damned chest of jewels and coins.

The Hotel Post was neither luxurious nor punk. It was on the cheaper side of the middle-class category. I sent down to the lobby for all the evening papers and I ran a tubful of warm water. I got undressed.

There was a knock on my door.

I opened it and saw two men.

One of them said, " I'm Davis from the district attorney's office, and this is Inspector O'Hara."



Claire was my girl and would always be my girl. I was gaga about her.

They pushed in, looked around my room, took my two chairs, and I sat on the bed.

"We've been waiting for you to show up here," Davis began. "We found out you'd given this as your address."

"It's no secret."

Davis was a little man with a pale face. O'Hara was big and ruddy. O'Hara said, "You don't need to get sore."

I hadn't been sore. I knew that they were trying to irritate me. I lighted a cigarette. They smoked.

"Where were you last night?" Davis asked.

"At a Bowery flop house called the Star."

O'Hara leaned forward and grunted. "So," he said, "you're just a member of the unemployed who was lucky enough to land a job today and unlucky enough to get mixed up in a murder."

"Yes."

"Where'd you come from?"

"I went to college in Illinois. I was born in Ohio. Zanesville, if it's of any interest to you."

They looked significantly at each other.

"I suppose," Davis answered, "that you don't know Brierly? Didn't know him, rather?"

"No; I didn't know him. Never heard of him. Or of Hungerford, or of Captain Watkins, or of Bents. I saw their ad. I'll show it to you, if you can locate a morning paper."

"And you didn't know that Brierly came from Zanesville?"

That floored me. I said, "I did not."

O'Hara then said, "Of course Brierly left there before this kid was born."

Davis said, "Shut up." Then he looked me in the eye. "We found a whole lot phony about Brierly's murder."

I thought he was trying to catch me. I went into my song and dance. "Sure," I agreed. "I expected you'd give it to the papers. You found out that whoever killed the old man fixed up a fake fight."

DAVIS stared at me as if he were closing in on a master killer. "Why did you do it?" he asked.

I got off the bed. "Listen," I said. "I didn't. And you know it. There isn't anything you can scare out of me. I'm just trying to hang on to the first halfway decent job I've had in my life."

Davis didn't want to quit his line of attack. He screwed up his face and bit his cigar just like a hard-boiled D. A. in the movies. "About this Mary Boley hanging," he said. "You found her too, didn't you?"

I said, "Yes, I found her. And there was a witness with me and the elevator boy came right up. The doctor said she'd been dead for a long time. A couple of hours."

"She stayed late to work?"

"So did Claire Winton, the reception clerk. So did Hungerford. And so did I."

"In what order did you go out?"

"Hungerford—and Miss Winton and I together."

"Did you look in to say good night to Mary Boley?"

"No."

"Were you alone at any time when Mary Boley was alone?"

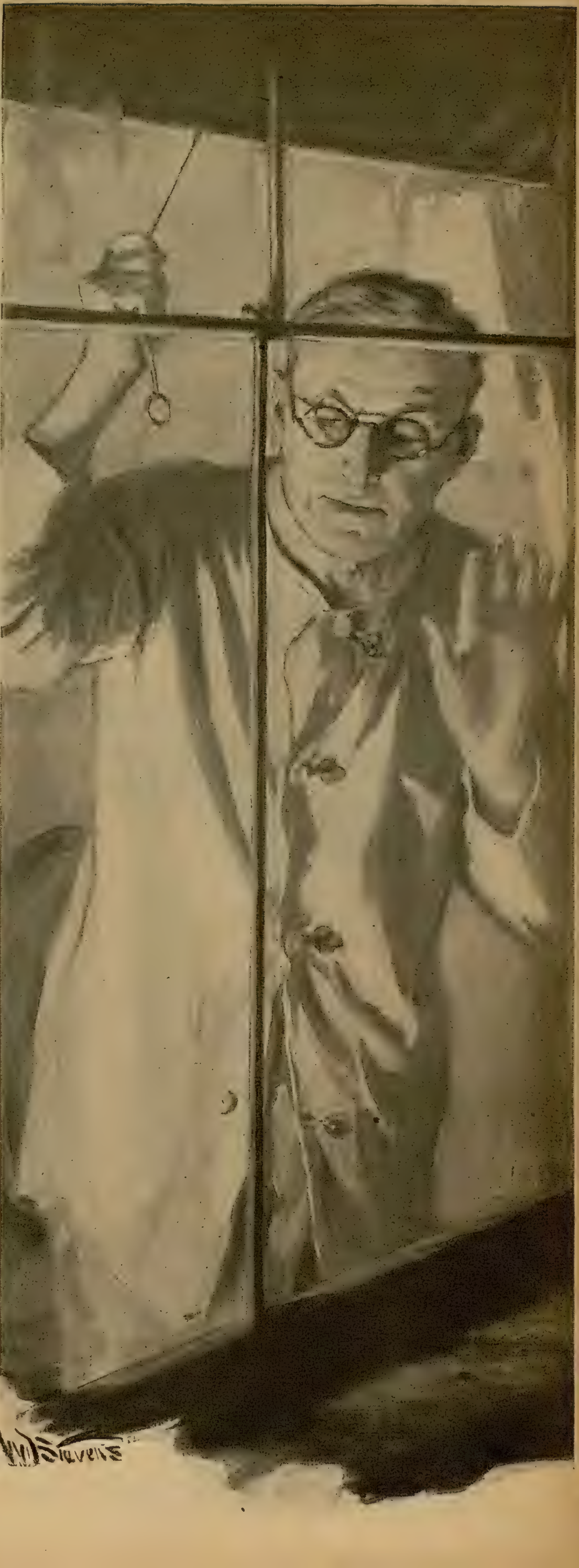
"I was," I replied. "I sat in my office, and Mary in Hungerford's, and Claire Winton in the front office, for perhaps ten minutes."

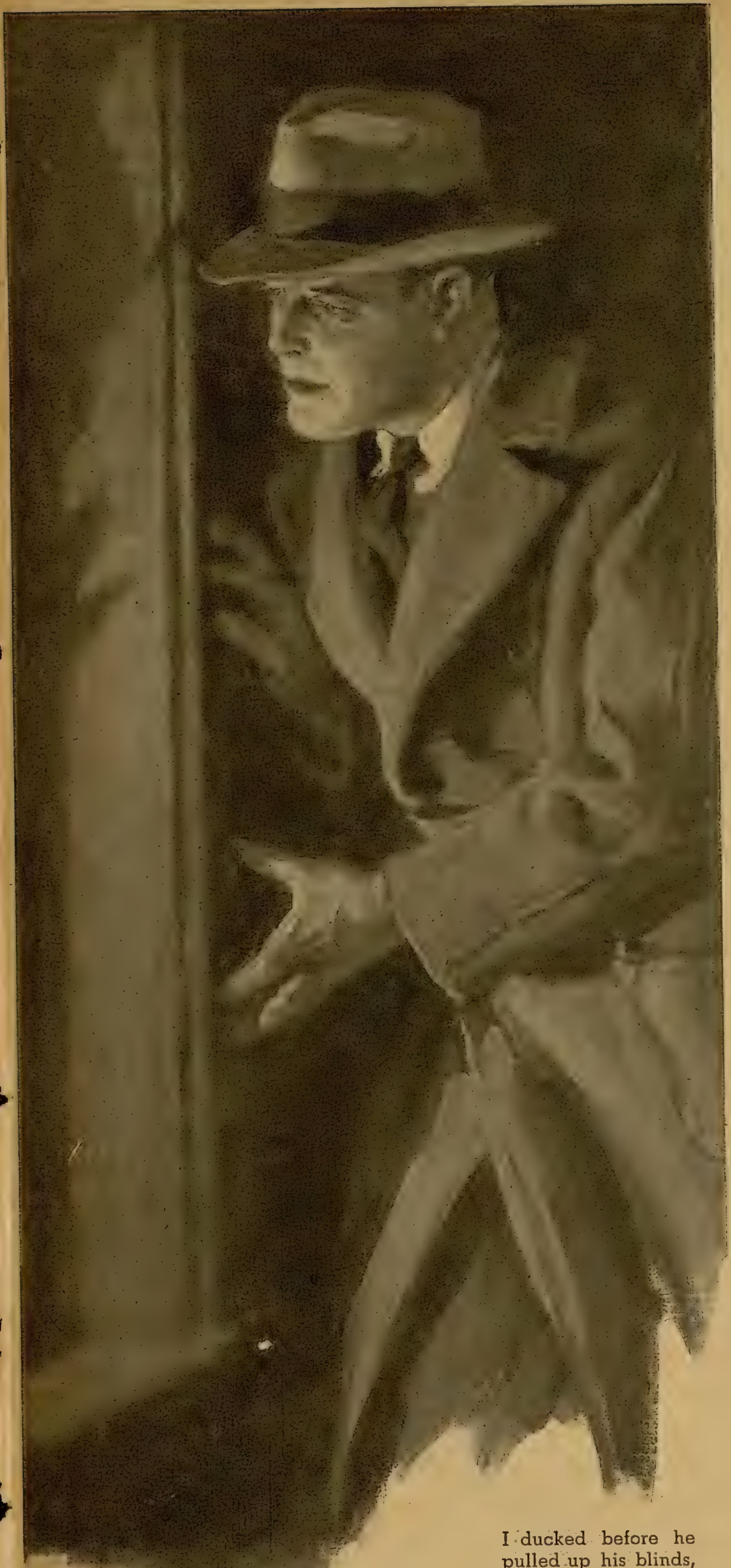
"Long enough," said Davis, "for you to go into Hungerford's office and strangle that girl."

"Yeah. Now tell me why. I thought she committed suicide."

I wasn't exactly rattled, but I was worried. I went on talking: "Why don't you find out where Bents and Hungerford and Watkins were last night when Brierly was killed? Why don't you look up that Argentine boy friend of Mary Boley's? Why pick on me?"

Davis suddenly grinned. "All right, all right," he said. "Listen, guy. My office is in a tough spot. So are the police. Administration has been yelling like the devil about things. We've got to do something. You can't touch a man like Hungerford until you've got something good. Or Watkins or Bents either. You keep asking me —I'll tell you. Bents was out of town on business. Watkins was also out of town. Hungerford was at home with





I ducked before he pulled up his blinds, but I was so cold ducking was painful.

his wife. The Argentine was dancing at the Café Rio. This afternoon he was also at the Rio. We've checked the whole office force. Claire Winton was at her hotel and Westlock, the bookkeeper, was at a lecture. And so on. Now—where were you this evening?"

"You mean after I left the office?"

"Yeah."

"I went with Miss Winton for some coffee. Then I took in a midnight movie and got my stuff and came over here."

"Movie?"

"Yeah. Seven Sins. I was feeling groggy and I wanted to think. So I went into a movie house."

Davis stood up. "O. K.," he said. I hoped he wouldn't check that statement. I'd never heard of a picture called Seven Sins. Then he said, "It's my hunch that somebody outside of his business killed Brierly. Somebody from his past, probably. And I expect that Boley girl did hang herself. The chances are that we'll never find out the dope about either death. But the fact of their coming together is going to make the papers raise hell and that'll make the administration yammer. We're in a spot."

He pulled down his hat. "Well, we'll be seeing you—and every one in your office—a lot in the next few days. And listen, kid. You can help us. Keep your eyes open around your place. If you run across anything odd or anything phony with anybody or any deal in that outfit—let me know."

"Sure," I said. "Davis, isn't it?"

"At the D. A.'s office."

THEY left. I sat down on the bed again. I hadn't told them about Claire's loudly dressed boy friend, of course, because I didn't want to get her in trouble. And I hadn't mentioned Hungerford's treasure chest and his hideaway because I had another idea of what to do about that.

My tub was cooling. I ran more hot water, stirred it, and climbed in. I thought things over. The police knew about everything except Claire's friend and Hungerford's apartment—and maybe they knew that too. Maybe they knew that I hadn't gone to the movies. There could have been three taxicabs in that parade downtown. I was in reasonably deep—and only one day had passed.

At nine on the next morning I showed up at the office. Claire was sitting behind the reception desk, at the switchboard. She had on a gray-and-vermilion dress and she looked reasonably serene. We nodded to each other and I went into the general office. Hungerford sent for me.

He was with Captain Watkins when I came in, and Watkins was pacing the floor, complaining about the good name of the firm being tarnished by Brierly's murder.

Hungerford told me to sit down. "The police called on me last night," I said.

He nodded. "I supposed they would."

The captain came about on his heel. "Mr. Brown," he said, "this firm has enjoyed an honorable reputation for—"

Bents arrived at that point. He found his way to a chair and dropped stiffly into it. "Terrible lumbago," he said. "I want to get to a Turkish bath as soon as I can. Dreadful pains."

Hungerford paid no attention. He looked at his two associates and then pointed to the light fixture. "Mary Boley hung herself there last night," he said.

Bents's face sagged. "No!" he said softly.

"Brown, here, found her. After dinner."

Watkins whistled. "She probably killed

Brierly, eh? Secret affair. Then hung herself—"

"Good heavens!" Bents exclaimed.

Hungerford shook his head. "That's rubbish. Brierly never had anything to do with women. Mary had a boy friend—an Argentine."

"Argentine? Oh. I see." Bents passed his hand over his fleshy face. "That makes it all pretty terrible," he said. "First Brierly and then—Mary Boley. Were the police here?"

"Of course."

"Reporters?"

"No. But I expect we'll see the story soon."

We did. The linotypers were already getting accustomed to setting up Hungerford, Watkins, Brierly, and Bents. They set it up often in the days that followed.

But at that moment the three partners seemed stalemated. I said, "Is it possible that Mary Boley didn't hang herself?"

They were all startled. The one-time sea captain stepped in front of me. "Have you any reason to suspect—"

I shook my head. "I don't know anything about it. But nobody seems to have taken that possibility into consideration. Except the police. They suggested it last night."

Hungerford answered, "I don't believe there's any reason to think that, Brown. The girl was crazy about that dancer. I've been working her pretty hard. She was tired—no doubt. Why—girls do things like that every day in this city."

I nodded. "Sure. But they don't do it in offices—at least I never heard of it."

Bents said, "Nonsense. You're in an uproar, young fellow."

They sat there for about half an hour. Twice newspapers telephoned and Hungerford told them in a composed voice that he had no statement to make. He also denied that in his opinion there was any connection between the Brierly murder and Mary's suicide.

Finally Bents got up awkwardly. "If you gentlemen will excuse me—I'm going to take measures for my lumbago."

I could see that his legs were quivering. He left.

The captain said a moment later, "I've got to arrange for that Hell Gate job—in any case."

With that he departed.

I was alone with Hungerford. He put his elbows on his desk and hunched his shoulders forward. His eyes, large and candid through his horn-rimmed spectacles, looked at me. "What made you suggest that—or the police think it?"

"About Mary Boley? I don't know."

"Did you or Miss Winton see or find anything indicating such a thing?"

"No."

He gave a faint grunt. "It was that telephone call, wasn't it? You presumed that it was the murderer calling to see whether his crime had been discovered."

"I didn't—especially. It might have been some one who knew Mary Boley was working late calling to see why she didn't show up. It might have been a wrong number."

HUNGERFORD nodded. I looked at him, and I liked him. He had intelligence and he had a certain charm.

"I've worked hard to build up this business," he said with a sigh. "I've been a damned good business man. My father wanted me to be an architect or a painter. I didn't want to be. I wanted money. Lots of money. Millions. I've never made millions—"

"Aren't those jewels in your place downtown worth millions?"

He didn't budge. He kept looking straight at me. I think then that I learned the meaning of the term "poker face."

"Go ahead," he said in a low tone.

I began to stammer. I had intended to face him with my knowledge, but now I almost wished I had informed the police instead. I told him about thinking that Mary Boley might have been killed and about hearing him phone his wife. "I followed you," I said, "on a whim. Certainly I have no intention of blackmailing you in any way—"

His strong face broke into a smile. "You got a job—and in a day it turned into something rather shocking, didn't it, Brown? I don't blame you for being curious. Look here. I'm not going to tell you about that chest and its contents. Not now, at any rate. I will say that it's mine and that I didn't steal it. I want you to believe that. What else do you know?"

I didn't know what to do. I had a vague and dizzy feeling that at any minute he might take a gun from his desk drawer and shoot me dead. Shoot me in the middle of a busy office, in a huge skyscraper, in the center of New York and in broad daylight. I also had a feeling that he might get away with it.

Meanwhile he sat looking at me as if he were highly pleased with my actions.

I finally answered: "I am also of the opinion that Brierly was killed in cold blood and the fight fixed up afterward." I told him why I thought that.

"Pretty sound," he said. "Next?"

"THERE isn't any next. Whoever tried to make the murder of Brierly look like self-defense was foolish or else drunk—probably both."

"Why?"

"Because the old guy couldn't fight."

Hungerford shrugged. "He could once. Got medals for it. He was in the war—some Ohio regiment."

"Yes," I said. "He came from Zanesville. I was born there."

Hungerford looked at me in a friendly and paternal manner. "I wish," he said, "that there was just one person in the world I could trust absolutely. You'd do." He sighed almost sadly and rapped his knuckles on his desk. "Take the matter of that chest of jewels. Why didn't you tell the cops about it?"

"Because I decided to ask you first."

"And now what are you going to do?"

"I haven't made up my mind."

He studied me. "I've already said I don't want to tell you about the chest. The thing's in the nature of a joke, anyway—one I'd like to keep private. And as for that apartment downtown—well, it's a funny world not to permit a human being to have any absolute privacy without all sorts of suspicions. I presume you realize that you're in a position to blackmail me."

"About the chest?" I couldn't help smiling. "I won't do that, at any rate."

He stared at me again. "You know," he said, "I like you. I felt sorry for you—getting into this mess. But you seem to be able to take care of yourself."

I felt uncomfortable. I couldn't figure what Hungerford was trying to do. It ran through my mind that perhaps he was really a sincere and simple bird who was bowed down by the weight of his troubles—I could imagine that his wife was one of them—but I could scarcely believe that. He was apparently being so decent to me that I was startled out of my notion only by the direction of his next words:

"What does Miss Winton think of all this?"

"I don't know."

"She's a nice bright girl. You talked to her—"

"Just casually. I really wanted to know more about the company." And again my suspicion that he was probing me and deceiving me was dissipated.

"I'd like to ask you to promise not to mention the chest, but I really don't feel that I can ask such a thing. It is a matter that has nothing to do with—the current tragedies. I have nothing to do with them."

His private telephone rang. There were men from the police department waiting outside to see him. I left the office, bewildered and uncertain.

I went out to lunch alone. The more I thought, the less clearly could I make out Hungerford. I determined for the moment to say nothing about his anonymous residence in Greenwich Village. And even as I made that decision I realized that his reaction to my accusation might have been calculated to cause me to do just that. I also realized that if Hungerford had done the murders I was not in a very safe position.

In the afternoon a Mr. Burden from Kansas City came in to see Hungerford. When he left, Hungerford took him to the door. Mr. Burden said, "We want action."

Hungerford looked tired and answered, "As soon as those fool alluvial diamond diggers stop pouring over the landscape I promise action."

That didn't make much sense to me.

I asked Claire to go to the movies that night, but she couldn't. So I tagged her and she went to an office building on Broadway. I hung around for an hour—but she didn't show up.

I had my supper and went to the movies alone. When the newsreel flickered on, I saw Captain Watkins in a race-track crowd. His attitude was casual—and yet tense.

When an amateur bets on the ponies, he jumps up and down and yells. The old hands try to seem nonchalant. He had a dope sheet and a tally card in his pocket.

So the former ship's master played the races!

The Brierly murder and the alleged suicide of Mary Boley filled the newspapers for days. I decided not to do any more investigating, but to follow the advice of the assistant district attorney and keep my eyes open.

The city administration, as Davis had predicted, raised the devil about the crime. I don't know how many times Hungerford, Watkins, Bents, and even Claire and I went down to headquarters for questioning. But in March they were still in a fog. Mary's death was called a suicide. Brierly's epitaph by the coroner et al. was "Person or persons unknown."

I began to grow interested in the salvage business. I was raised to sixty dollars a week. I grew to like Hungerford and—to a lesser degree—Bents and Watkins. Bents was full of ideas and energy. Watkins was an interesting talker when he would open up. He talked only about the sea—but that's a big and fascinating subject.

Claire and I became better acquainted.

THE murder and Mary's death left a permanent mark on the company—but they were in the background. I presumed that the police department was fumbling along with every little lead it could touch—that it would go on fumbling for years, perhaps.

And I often recalled the picture of Hungerford smiling over his treasure chest. I intended eventually to satisfy myself about that chest. I also remembered Claire's unhealthy-looking friend; but I had never mentioned him, and I had not seen him again.

Weeks passed and they became months. No one was arrested.

If I had possessed enough imagination I might have been able to figure the thing out completely. Most of the little pieces were in my hands even then: Brierly's and Mary Boley's deaths; Claire's cheap-looking friend; Hungerford's statement that it would take another mink coat to appease his wife; Bents's rheumatism; Brierly's postage stamps; Mr. Burden from Kansas City and Hungerford's statement that there would be "action" when the alluvial diamond diggers departed from somewhere; the chest of gems; Captain Watkins's enthusiasm for horse racing; Westlock's taciturnity—I might have doped out an approximation of things, but even if I had I doubt if I could have saved Hungerford's life.

In June we had the first summer hot spell. I don't know whether I have mentioned it or not, but I am six feet two and three quarters and I weigh a hundred and ninety when I'm in shape, more when I'm getting sixty a week and eating heartily. Hot weather and too many clothes are incompatible for me, and when the thermometer goes up I shed garments in a squared inverse ratio.

A hot spell in New York is a sort of general holiday and fiesta. People rush to the beaches and sleep all night on them. Kids swim in fountains. Ice cream is dispensed by the hundred tons, I imagine. The busses swim in the soupy night with coatless boys and hatless girls wrapped up in each other on top all the way from Washington Arch to Grant's Tomb for as many round trips as the running hours will permit. A sort of voluptuous and lackadaisical spirit infects everybody. It's a heat wave. Anything can happen.

I asked Claire if she'd like to go to Coney Island and she said she would. We liked each other. There were plenty of times when we'd stared at each other in that particular desiring way which drives people to the License Bureau at City Hall—but we'd never exchanged a single literal token of our feelings.

Anyway, we went riding on roller coasters and merry-go-rounds and Ferris wheels and through Tunnels of Love. Claire seemed sad and distracted that evening, but she was very lovely, and when, by some break of fate, we got stuck alone together for a few minutes in a Ferris wheel car, looking out over the bright lights and the dark sea and the steaming river of people on the board walk, I took her in my arms. She dropped back her head and kissed me on the mouth and afterward we separated. I admitted to myself then what I had been turning over in my subconscious for six months: Claire was my girl and would always be my girl. I was gaga about her.

When we stopped kissing she moved away and the car started churning up and down again.

"You know," Claire said slowly to me, "I think you'd better scram."

"Scram?"

"Yes. They're going to arrest you in a few days."

*What does Claire know that prompts her to warn Brown to "scram"? A plot is afoot, apparently, to fasten the double tragedy on him. But who could be back of it? Hungerford? Watkins? Bents? Perhaps Claire herself is trying to shield some one. Fresh clues and sensational developments come in next week's installment.*

## GOOD BOOKS—by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ ★ **LUST FOR LIFE** by Irving Stone. Longmans, Green & Co.

A monumental portrait of the life struggle of the artist, Vincent Van Gogh, painted against the background of grim mining country, artistic Paris, and sun-drenched southern France. A moving story told with profound understanding of the problems both of art and humanity.

★ ★ ★ ★ **THE MOTHER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA** compiled and edited by editors of the Parents' Magazine. Reynal & Hitchcock.

A complete book of counsel and information, a *vade mecum* for the mother intelligent enough to accept its basic idea.

★ ★ ★ **SLIM** by William Wister Haines. Little, Brown & Company.

Here is escape—and delightful escape. Here is adventure, daring, fun, and excitement in this story of the men who string high-voltage wires across the land. Don't miss Slim.

★ ★½ **THE SECRET OF TANGLES** by Leonard R. Gribble. J. B. Lippincott Company.

Anthony Slade solves a few murders in his usual competent and interesting fashion.

★ ★ **LAUGHING THEIR WAY** by Martha Bensley Bruere and Mary Ritter Beard. The Macmillan Company.

An interesting anthology of the feminine funny bone.

★ ★ **NIGHT SHIFT** by Richard Blaker. D. Appleton-Century Company.

A man's devotion and conception of right carry this story to a startling climax in the Never Sleep Garage, just outside London.

★ ★ **THE OLDEST INHABITANT** by Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Company.

Thomas Otter, the oldest inhabitant of a little Devonshire village, artfully works out the destiny of his family and others.

★ ★ **THE QUEEN'S WIGS** by Naomi Royde-Smith. The Macmillan Company.

A whimsical tale—this mystery of the stolen wig that is wrapped up in complicated Irolyan politics. More intrigue than romance.

★ ★ **LIGHTSHIP** by Archie Binns. Reynal & Hitchcock.

Each sailor on the lightship has a story and tells it well.

# The Farmer's Son

***And They Are NOT Headed for Radicalism, Says This Heartening Report—They Are Earning Education and Living on $2 a Week!***

### by ANTHONY VEILLER

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

BECAUSE I am by trade a dramatist, I could not fail to be thrilled by the news stories coming out of Iowa. I had read of the farm strikes, the farm "holidays," the "milk wars," the militant attitude of the farmer when his lands were to be taken from him in foreclosure proceedings, and the resultant "penny" sales. The whole had formed in my mind a magnificent dramatic picture, quite aside from its very real significance.

I wanted to meet and talk to some of the principal actors. It occurred to me that there might be another group of even greater interest: the young men and women whose background had been the farm and who had taken an active part in the play, even though only as supers. I would go to a state university and meet them. I picked the University of Iowa.

It seemed to me that I would find among them the seeds which would eventually flower into a radical movement of real importance. The men and women had seen their parents' lands and savings swept away in the depression. They had spent their childhood among people whose lives were devoted to the raising of grain. They had seen this grain decrease in value from eighty-five cents and even a dollar a bushel to a point where it could not be sold for ten cents. They had seen the land so fluctuate in value that the well-to-do neighbor of last week became the wealthy friend of yesterday and, overnight, the pauperized dependent of today and probably tomorrow.

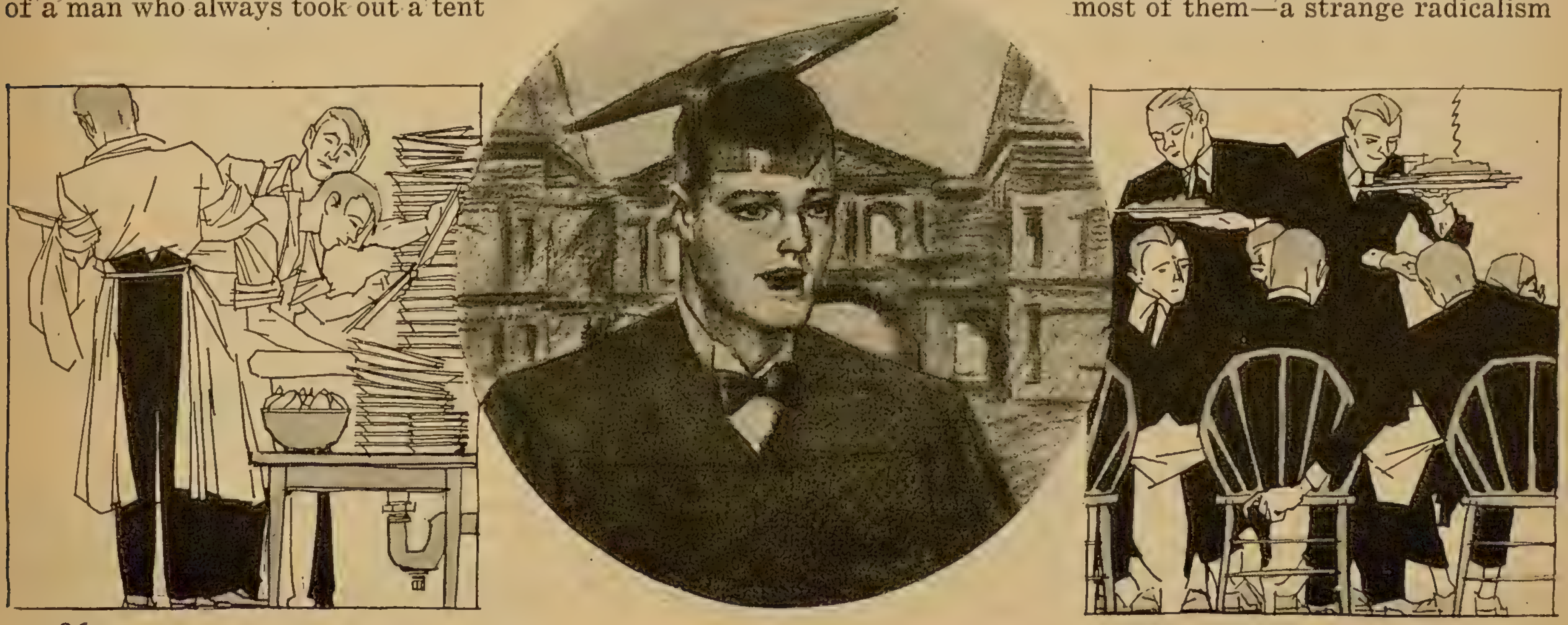
I drove to Iowa City from Los Angeles. Shortly after leaving Phoenix, Arizona, I picked up a man on the road. It was late in the afternoon, just before sunset; he sat on a little bridge on a winding road leading into the mountains. He did not even bother to "thumb," but I slowed down anyway and told him to hop in. He was a man of about fifty.

He was a billposter by trade and, he assured me, a good one. This I could believe, for there was barely a town or village we passed through of which he could not tell me stories. He had been in them all, ahead of this tent show or the other. But now he had not had a day's work in over three years and had been roaming the country. When we parted in Kansas City, Missouri, he was headed for a little town, the winter headquarters of a man who always took out a tent show. He did not know whether this man would be able to take out a show this year or not, but it was worth traveling thousands of miles to find out.

That first night in Lordsburg I visited with him the sand shed operated by the Southern Pacific Railway. In it I found about three hundred men, silent, morose, huddled around a little stove for warmth. Lordsburg is a railway junction; all through the night freight trains are passing through the yards. And all through that night that group constantly changed in composition but never in size. A train could be heard approaching, heading east, and thirty or forty men would get up and without saying a word go out into the night. Five minutes later thirty or forty newcomers, having left the same train, would enter the shed, silent, unnoticed. So it went. Trains heading east, west, north—it made no difference. Men would leave them and men would catch them.

I talked to a number of these men. Those from forty on were utterly without hope or expectation. Most of them had held good jobs. They had been painters, carpenters, plumbers, masons. They had earned good money, had bought property and built houses. Then there was no more work, their property was taken away from them, and the great hegira began. For months and years they had beaten their way from place to place, hoping that somewhere they would find better conditions. Now they would go on beating their way, not only not wanting but not allowed to stay in any one place for more than a few hours. To this they were reconciled; it was to be their life from now on. It was an accepted and foregone conclusion.

But there was another group. Young men ranging from eighteen to twenty-four—graduates of high schools and in some instances of colleges, who had never been able to find a job. Their attitude was entirely different. Hard, resentful, convinced that the world was against them, they too were prepared to go on wandering. But they were going to eat and smoke and to have the things they wanted; and if, to get those things, they had to rob and to turn into marauding bands, that was all right with them, too. Radicalism ran rampant among most of them—a strange radicalism



# and Daughter See It Through

ANTHONY VEILLER *divides his time between Hollywood and New York as a writer for both screen and stage. He is the son of a noted dramatist and a noted actress; four years ago, this heritage made him give up business for play-writing. Still under thirty; unmarried; wants to buy a farm. Two more trips to Hollywood, he says, and he'll have it.*

it was, not governed by any intellectual reaction; a simple determination to be afforded a livelihood without ever working for it. So that, as I say, meeting and talking to these men was really preparatory work for my visit to the University for there I was confident I would find radicalism of real thought, fostered by intellectual development.

I arrived at Iowa City. I spent ten days listening to men and women in all branches of the undergraduate life of the University. And now that I have done all this, I come inevitably to the conclusion that here in this University—which is, I think, very typical of the agrarian community and of other universities in similar communities—there exists no radicalism. Instead, in these men and women the pendulum of time had swung back almost a hundred years and there was evident a strange reassertion of the same pioneer instinct which drove their ancestors to cross the Mississippi and settle the frontiers beyond it, founding schools to provide their children with an education which had been impossible of their own achievement.

LET me first mention two organizations: Kellogg House and Field House. The latter is the building in which are housed the athletic activities of the University. Knowing that it was becoming increasingly difficult for a large number of men to find the wherewithal to pay for rooms, the University set aside an unoccupied section of this building for their use. A man could live there for a dollar a week rent, which gave him a place to sleep, to keep his clothes, and to study. Some seventy or eighty men moved in. A few weeks later the dean of men, Robert E. Rienow, learned that some of them were also eating in this dormitory. They explained that they had to eat for twenty-five or thirty cents a day, and that the only way was to buy anything they could get cheaply enough and bring it home with them.

This started Kellogg House. Until a few months ago it was an unoccupied building, out of repair. The University now had it cleaned out and moved cots and lockers, tables and chairs, desks, and other bare necessities in. Then about twenty-five men were taken into it. Since then they have done all the cleaning, the cooking, everything. Working on a coöperative basis, they have found that they can live for about a dollar and fifty-four cents a week, besides a dollar a week for rent. In other words, they are enabled to stay in the University at a gross cost of less than a hundred dollars a year, plus their school fees. These, in needy cases, can be so low that even including them a student can live on less than a hundred and fifty dollars a year. Thus men are living at the University in 1933 for less money than it cost in the early 1860s.

Who are these men? No more heterogeneous group could be found on the campus. It included at least two graduate students and an advanced student in the School of Medicine.

These men of Field and Kellogg Houses are living under the most uncomfortable conditions. They have nothing around them but the bare necessities of life. There is not a comfortable chair in either house. And they work every minute of the day, in either classroom work, coöperative work in the house, or money-earning work outside to defray the slight house expense. All this they are willing and glad to do in the cause of their own education. They have no radicalism in their make-ups, and they continue in a blind faith in the essential soundness of their own country. They are sure that it is only a question of time before prosperity will return. Until then they welcome the opportunity of education.

Of approximately three thousand men undergraduates, more than half must supply all or a large part of their own expenses. That these figures are not exaggerated can be easily shown. Let us assume that four years ago it cost the average student $750 a year to remain in the University—which is high. At that time corn was selling for eighty-five cents a bushel, so that the cost of education was between 800 and

900 bushels of corn a year. Now we turn to the student of today. Assume that his yearly expense has decreased to $400, which is low. Corn is selling, if a buyer can be found, for fifteen cents a bushel, so that his expense has increased to more than 2,500 bushels of corn a year. In other words, the cost of education for him has increased more than 250 per cent.

There are dozens of men who provide themselves with rooms by looking after furnaces and lawns for the good citizens of Iowa City. Food? They wait on table in the sorority houses; they do any odd jobs that can be found around the town at low hourly rates; they work in the students' union; they tutor less impecunious fellow-students; they work every minute of the day that they are free from curricular activities.

Men who work in the students' union are paid at twenty-five cents an hour for waiting on table and washing dishes and the like. The first two hours' work they do each day is credited against their meals. If a man works more than that he is paid in cash. Every class from freshman to senior was represented among those I talked with, and they regarded their jobs with the utmost pride. They were discussing the success they had made in serving a banquet to some 1,500 people.

One of them had entered the University four years ago with exactly $52 in his pocket. That was his capital and that had seen him through. He was now a senior and not only was supporting himself but had brought his younger brother up from the farm and started him in college. He himself was to graduate in June, and this fall he reënters in the School of Law. He explained to me that he knew there was no chance of getting a job outside but as long as he stayed here he could support himself, maintain his self-respect, and continue improving himself intellectually. That's pretty clear reasoning.

HE added that he occasionally went home and there saw the boys and girls with whom he had gone to high school. He doesn't find them a very encouraging group. Four years of idleness and poverty have not done much to maintain their morale and standards, and he is determined that he will not lapse into the same coma of inactivity. So back he comes to the University to work and continue his education. And how he works!

There's another man who would have interested you. A Negro. Handicapped with an artificial leg, he started out last year for Iowa City. Having several hundred miles to go, he hitch-hiked. Halfway he broke the artificial leg. A large part of his little store of money went in replacing it.

He enrolled as a student of chemistry, anxious to teach. His classroom work was excellent, and he did nothing to attract any attention to himself until it was discovered, quite accidentally, that this man was living on ten cents a day. Actually. He had budgeted his money so carefully that his daily allotment for food was exactly ten cents. And he had the courage to go on living on that meager allowance while $45 in crisp new bills lay in his bureau drawer to cover his next semester's tuition. He now has two or three jobs which provide room, decent food, cigarettes, and whatever incidentals are really necessary.

There are still many men, and women too, who are not eating properly or enjoying really good housing conditions. As fast as possible, jobs are being provided for them and conditions improved. But they will not wait. They are going to get started.

So much for the men. In Eastlawn, which is roughly a counterpart of Kellogg House though much more comfortable and much more expensive, live approximately seventy young women. Under a coöperative system, a girl may reside in Eastlawn for $200 a year—which includes room, light, telephone, and meals.

EACH girl is required to devote two hours a day to the work of the house. Every six weeks a group is assigned to work in the kitchen, wait on table, or do general cleaning. Each girl is expected to look after her own room and possessions. No girl can be required to do any job for more than six weeks at a stretch, and each girl during the year will serve a certain amount of time on each job.

The house has its own governmental organization. It is composed of a council of nine members. Four—the president, vice president, secretary, and treasurer—are elected from the total membership. Each of the other five is a representative of a working group. This board, in association with one member of the faculty who lives in the house as a representative of the University, governs the activities of the house.

The girls who cannot even afford Eastlawn? Throughout the homes of the faculty members and the residents of the town may be found scores of them doing housework. It is no rarity to encounter an advanced student of psychology earning her keep by looking after the home of some merchant and his wife. The amount of work these girls are able to carry is literally amazing.

Another, a senior, has worked her way through without any outside aid and has managed to make her scholastic career include a summer trip to Germany as the result of winning a special scholarship. A third, also a senior, who is to graduate this year as a specialist in social welfare, has supported herself since she was thirteen, putting herself through both high school and college. And the younger women are just as determined. One girl told me that she hasn't a very good job, as it requires about seven hours' work a day, which is really too much for just room and board and makes her sit up too late at night if she is to keep up in her studies. But she wouldn't give up at any price.

Of approximately 900 women undergraduates, nearly 350 are working all or part time to make their stay possible.

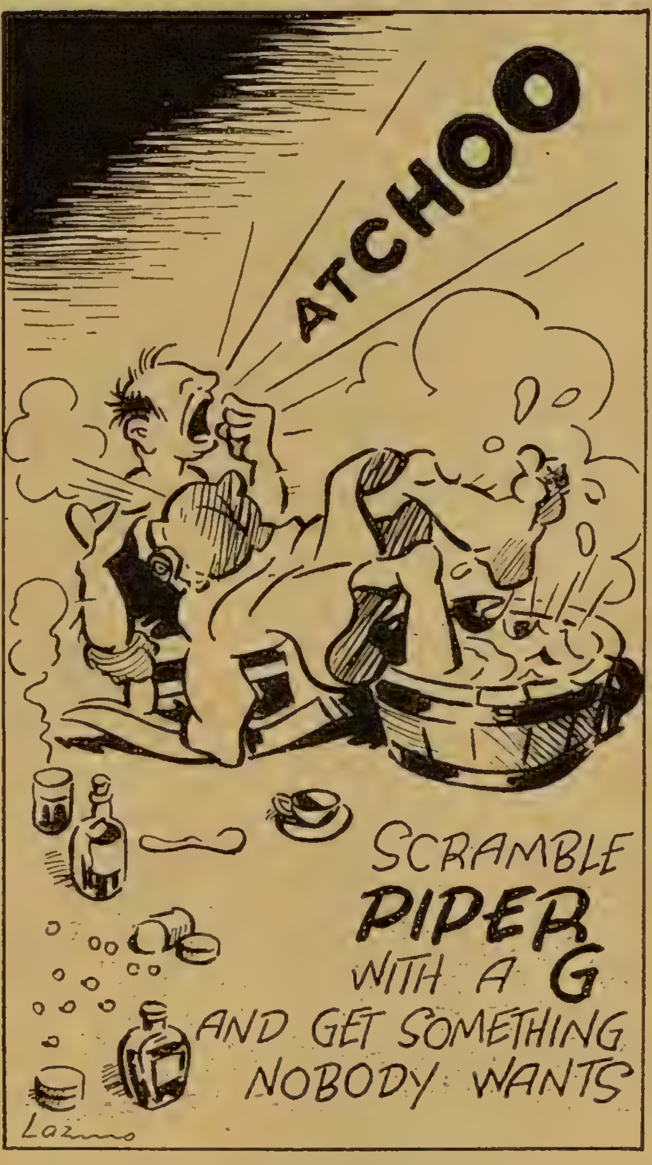
Three or four years ago, most of these men and women could have been sent to college by their parents without any difficulty. As it is, the future apparently does not enter into their scheme of life at all. As one man told me, "We've learned to live pretty much from day to day. We know there's going to be some sort of change and we're trying to prepare ourselves for it, but we can't figure what it's going to be. And we're not going to worry about it until we have to."

That is typical of the background from which they have come.

It is the attitude of the farmer himself.

THE END

## Scrambled Words



The given word plus the given letter, when rearranged properly, will form a new word suggested by the cartoon.

The answer will be found on page 43

# "Good Luck, Lover!"

### A Tale of Adventure in the Sky and a Girl's Understanding Heart

### by HELEN TOPPING MILLER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY T. FISK

HARRY T. FISK

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

ALL around was white dazzle. Dazzle of diamond bay, dazzle of sky, dazzle of white dust underfoot.

Dust was floury over everything. It whitened great steel hangars and the two ships squatting on the field. It was in Anne Varner's shoes, in her white socks; it was even between her teeth.

On the bay side a concrete mixer rumbled. The new building was going up. Some day, Curt declared, Miami would be the air gateway of two Americas, the most important port perhaps in the world.

Anne always stiffened a little, withdrew a little, when Curt talked like that. It made her afraid, and being afraid made her angry.

The sun struck a hot blade across the white runway and Anne moved into the open door of the hangar. Marty Mehany was working there. Probably there was a shop term for what he was doing, but Anne was ignorant of it. She was only a girl, tawny gold with sun, slim and pretty, waiting for her man to come down.

Anne's throat gave a swift clutch. "You mean — you crawled out there in the air with nothing but a few thin struts and wires — "

Marty stopped wringing the wrench around and grinned at her.

"Hello, Marty," Anne said. "He's on time, isn't he?"

Marty scrubbed his nose with the back of his hand. "No—he's down in the Tongue of the Ocean. I'm fixin' up this boat to go out after him."

"Don't scare me, please, Marty! It's bad enough as it is!" The girl's slow gray eyes shadowed. "Waiting like this."

"A man gits him a good job when jobs are scarce as pearls in a coconut—flyin' the best ship this company owns—and you stand around and mourn! Why don't you and Curt get married—now, while real estate is cheap? Another year and prices down here'll shoot up like a kite. Lookit the people we flew South this winter. Lookit the ships we got contracted—bigger and faster, more powerful engines—"

"But not safer." Anne looked into the sky.

"Safer?" Supreme scorn was in Marty's tone. "Lookit the flying hours we got and not a boat down for fifteen months! Look here. You take my advice and get married just as soon as you can get your clothes fixed up, and you get you one of those little foreclosed bungalows out in Shenandoah with a breakfast nook and some poinsetties growing and a red high chair, maybe. And you quit looking up at the sky and thinkin' how high it is! Yah—I hear him! Look there—past the sun."

Anne shaded her eyes, made out the tiny dragon fly high in the fire-blue dome. Thinly the drone of the motor drifted down. The field leaped alive. A great Caribbean clipper was due in.

"Mail plane."

Anne found a shadow and a stool and sat down patiently. The mail plane came down. The sky was empty again except for the lazy drift of gulls.

Taxis rolled in at the gate empty. The drivers got down and lit cigarettes. "Late, Marty?"

"Delayed a few minutes. Wind's against her."

Anne sat stiffly, trying to conquer her silly fears. Marty was right, of course. Flying would never cease to be, any more than steamboats and cars that ran on rails—fantastic terror to another generation of women—had ceased to be. She was losing Curt—building a wall between them. She would snap out of it. She could not lose him—it would be losing the heart out of her body.

She walked to the gate and bought some cold orange juice. While she was drinking it a tinny little roadster stopped and a girl called to her:

"Anne—is Binny here?"

"Hello, Lucy." Anne crossed the width of white dust. "No; I haven't seen Binny."

THE girl in the car sighed. She was pretty in a delicate fashion, her hair brightly auburn, her skin too white, anxious blue shadows under her eyes.

"He's gone again," she said sadly. "I thought he might have come down here." Her lips trembled. "He was supposed to sleep today—he goes out at five in the morning. I don't know what to do, Anne. If Craig finds out about Binny—in debt the way we are, with a mortgage and a baby five months old and two rotten tires and not a cent in the bank. Has Curt's ship come in?"

"They're delayed. Wind, Marty said. I'm trying not to worry. I'm curing myself of worrying."

"I know. I did that. And then Binny came down in the Gulf Stream and spent forty-nine hours hanging to the tail assembly trying to keep people from letting go. Now I have worse things to worry about! I have to get back. I left the baby with the Cuban woman next door—she's probably yelling the house down by this time. If you see Binny tell him he's a low hound—with the compliments of his loving wife!"

The little car roared away. Anne went back to the hangar. Marty was standing in the door looking at his watch.

"Thirty-nine minutes." He did not look at her.

Anne's heart shut up and turned to ice. "Get the radio on her from the office, will you, Marty?"

"They won't tell me nothing. Slight delay—all that stuff." But he shuffled off.

Anne stood still. If there was bad news, even the little time it would take Marty to bring it would be a reprieve.

Marty came stubbing back. "Had a time getting anything out of that squirt Wyman. He put her down at Foster's Cay—gas line broke. But he's up again now—he'll be in in fifty minutes."

Anne's limbs began their silly trembling again. There had, then, been the most grisly danger of all. A broken fuel line meant fire. There was Barney Murdock—she shut her eyes, thrust the grisly picture away.

"Thank you, Marty—I won't wait, I think. Tell Curt I went home, will you?"

"Looks like you could wait—it won't be an hour."

She shook her head.

If she waited she would grow angry, resenting more furiously every moment the ghastly risks Curt ran. She would say things she hated saying, or she would cry, which was worse.

"I'm a coward," she assailed herself as she drove homeward. "I'm a selfish, foul egotist! It's wrong to hold Curt. I'll let him go free."

BUT when an hour later she heard his voice over the telephone, she knew that she could not let him go. Curt was so dear!

"Marty said you were here, Anne—you didn't wait."

"Couldn't, darling." She held a husky control, forced an overlay of brightness. "Engagements won't wait for lazy pilots who can't get their ships in on time."

"Had trouble. Nothing serious—just a delay. I'm coming up now."

"Not now. Come at seven and have dinner with us. I'm going out now."

With an audience she could go on with her acting, be light without brittleness, hide the ragged doubts that racked her. What would she do when she had married Curt, hating everything that he loved?

All afternoon she fought this thought. And at seven Curt came, spruce and handsome in his smart flannels, his yellow hair brushed flat to get the wave out of it, only the faint lavender shadows under his eyes showing that he had not slept.

Anne had put on a blue organdie frock, pearl earrings setting off her sun-gilded skin. She felt tall and detached and imperious.

Curt said, "Mad at me?" and kissed the back of her neck.

Anne said, coolly laughing, "Silly!" and then, "What happened?"

"Sleeve burst—we were losing all our fuel," he said. "I tried to patch it up but I couldn't do it."

Anne's throat gave a swift clutch. "You mean—you crawled out there—in the air—"

"Sure." He lighted a match debonairly on his heel. "I've fixed 'em in the air before. But this was split—nothing to do but set her down. Tore up a fellow's fish net. Bruce paid him for it but he kept squawking—said it wasn't the money; it took so long to make the net."

"And you crawled out there, Curt—with nothing but a few thin struts and wires—"

"All in the day's work. We had twenty-two Cubans who had paid good gold money to get into these United States. Marty said you were sore at me."

"Marty's an old idiot. Lucy worried me. It's Binny—he's off again."

"Craig will fire Binny if he goes on another drunk. Takes a sober man to fly a big clipper. Binny's a darn' fool."

"He hasn't been right since that storm—since his ship came down." Anne strained to keep her tone casual. "It—takes so much out of you, Curt—so much it never gives back. It's too big—the sky, the air—it won't be conquered."

"The sea is big too, but men conquered it."

"You know what the sea is going to do."

"They didn't in '26 when it came up here and washed the rugs off your mother's floors."

"That was unusual. That was once in a century. But—in the air—every hour and every minute you're on trial. Forces greater than you are there—"

Her voice trembled. She could not look at him. He was so dear! She loved him and he was on guard against her.

"It's the same old song, isn't it, dear?" His eyes were averted. "You want me to give up the service. Can't you see how foolish it is, letting your nerves get the best of you this way?"

"If loving you is foolish, Curt—caring terribly what happens to you—"

"The thing that's going to happen is our wedding—and the sooner the better. Let's get in the car after dinner and run out to Coconut Grove. Findlay told me about a little house out there that an insurance company has taken over—Pryor Hunt owned it—" He stopped, halted by the queer look in Anne's eyes.

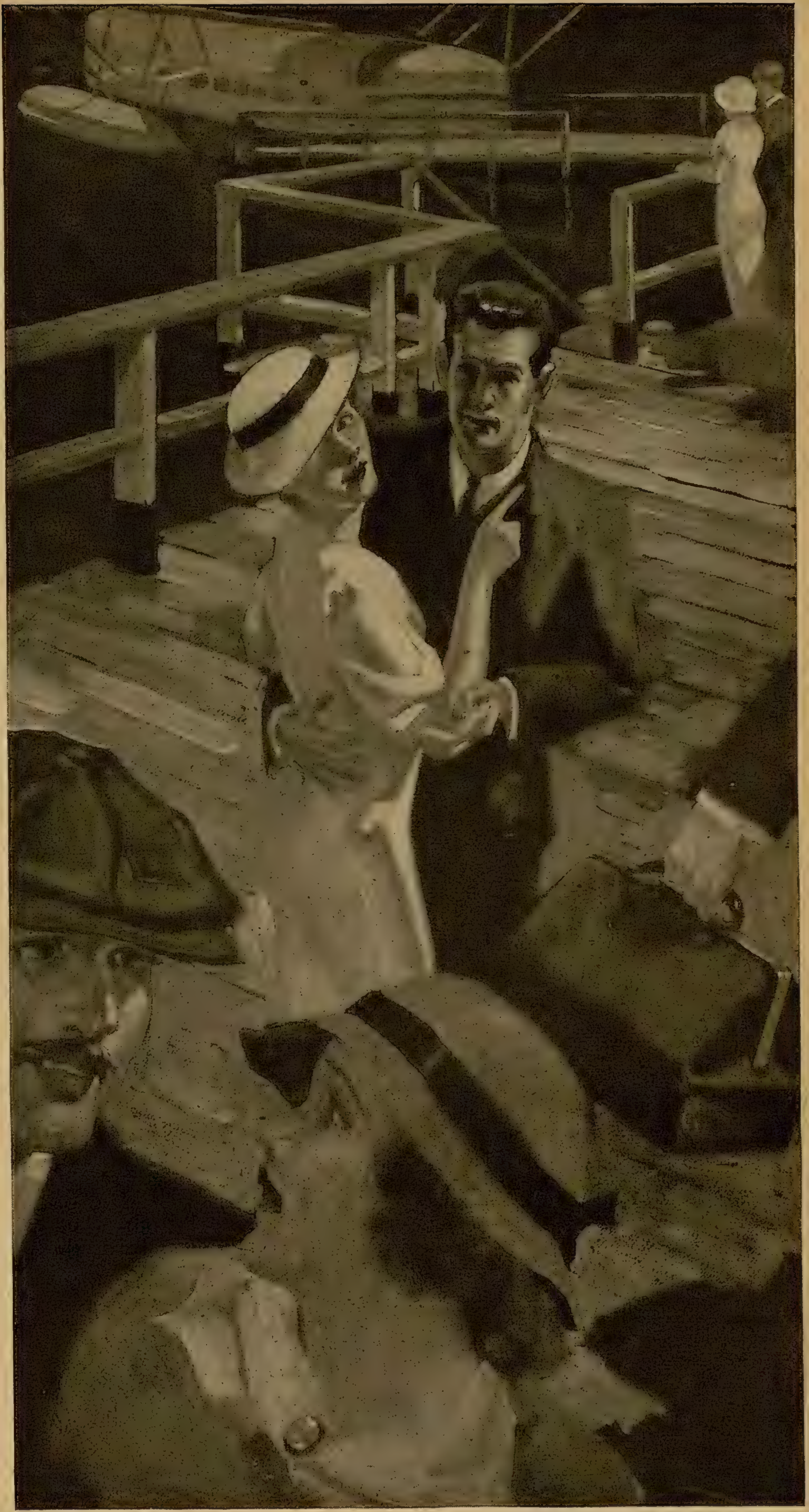
Pryor Hunt had been an army flyer, sent out with the mail across the wintry wildness of a savage mountain range. Anne was remembering the Hunts' wedding. Now Mrs. Hunt had two babies and the insurance company had the little house. She choked a little.

"Oh, I couldn't live in that house, Curt—I couldn't!"

Curt's jaw jutted. "You're determined to hate everything in my life, aren't you, Anne—change everything!"

"How about my life?" She scarcely knew her own voice, stimulated and thin. "Everything in my life will be changed: security changed to everlasting dread—nights into listening, waiting nightmares. Oh, Curt, can't you see? It's because I love you so much that I suffer so!"

He stood up. "If I didn't know you for a fine sensible girl, Anne, I'd say you were a morbid little dunce. Honestly, dear, you ought to see a doctor—it's your nerves or something."



She gave a little cry that was half a sob. "Curt!" Curt caught her close as though he would never let her go.

Her gray eyes turned to ice, as she retorted: "You don't want to marry a morbid little fool, naturally."

The air snapped taut between them. "You could snap out of it if you'd make the effort, Anne."

"What would be the use? It would be like this—over and over. You don't care how much I'm tortured; you aren't concerned because I'm half sick with dread day after day, night after night. Maybe that's love, Curt—maybe you call it love—but it's a cheap sort of love to me!"

"Anne darling, you're hysterical. I love you—we're going to be married!"

"No"—her voice fell heavily—"we're not. I'm in love—with half a man. The other half will never belong to me—never. It belongs to a clipper ship. And—I don't think you're in love with me at all—not really in love. If you were you couldn't hurt me so. Please go away now—I don't think I can stand any more."

Hours, it seemed, afterward Anne roused dully to her mother's rap.

"You're terribly foolish to quarrel before dinner," said that kind person. "Curt's on the phone—he sounds distressed and very penitent."

Curt was abjectly penitent. "Been walking for an hour," he said, "convincing myself that you are right. I'm a brute, darling—I see now what a brute I've been. I won't hurt you any more. I'm going out to the field tomorrow and ask Craig for a ground job—in the office. He'll give it to me—and then we can get married right away."

She said, "Curt—" faintly, but he cut in again: "Don't try to talk now, darling. I'm all in. I'm going to get some sleep. I'll see you tomorrow. I do love you, Anne!"

Anne took off the blue dress and drank meekly the milk her mother brought her.

"When your hair is peppered with salt like mine," said her mother, "you'll discover how unimportant most things are beside having your own man to love you."

"Oh—but I want my own man," Anne argued, "not forever divided—not half a man."

It was eleven when her mother woke her. "It's Lucy on the telephone, Anne. She's worried. Something has happened to Binny."

"He's going to lose his job because he can't stop drinking," Anne grumbled sleepily as she went down.

"Well"—the mother was complacent—"you'll never have that misery to bear. Curt's a fine sober boy."

Lucy wanted her to come at once. Her voice was edged with panic.

"I'll drive you—or would you rather go alone?" asked her mother.

"I'll go alone, if you don't mind, moms. I might have to stay late."

OUT in the night the sky came near. Was Curt hating her now—despising her for cheating him, binding him with her weakness, her love, weighing him down so that he could never soar again?

Was she wise—or merely craven, ignoble? It was all an aching muddle in her mind. She had not thought it through when she drove up to the little garage apartment where Lucy and Binny lived.

She climbed the stairs to the three small warm rooms. Lucy was gone. The baby lay, guarded by chairs and pillows, far back on the bed. On the oil stove two bottles boiled in a saucepan almost empty of water. Anne turned out the flame, picked up the crying child, patted her into quiet sobbings and nuzzlings. On the little table was a still warm cup of tea. Something had sent poor little Lucy dashing out supperless, leaving her child alone.

She rocked the baby, crooning softly. Wrong—oh, wickedly wrong—to bring a little child into wretchedness and uncertainty. Children, she had heard, reacted swiftly to the worry and moods of their parents. How wise not to agree to let a little child's life be darkened by terrible apprehensions. She had done right! Inevitably Curt would see it. Inevitably he would be content.

There was a rush of feet on the stairs. Lucy dashed in, her breath coming in little gusts.

"Is she all right?" she gasped.

Anne nodded, rocking gently. "Sit down—you're shaking all over."

Tears brimmed suddenly in Lucy's eyes. "I can't. It's Binny—he's drunk at Jack Sutton's place. Dead drunk. He won't come home—he won't even listen to me. He's shouting and beating on the table—I can't make him listen. And he has to fly his ship South at five."

"Craig won't let him fly. Craig won't trust a ship to a drunken man, Lucy."

"He can't lose his job," Lucy sobbed. "He can't! We—haven't anything in the house to eat. He took all our money. I— Will you call Curt, Anne? Curt could bring him home—he could sober him up, perhaps—"

"Curt's sleeping. He was worn out."

"No one else can do a thing with Binny. Oh, Anne—please!"

"Yes, I see. Where do you telephone?"

"At the filling station on the corner."

"I'll call him. Curt isn't going out tomorrow, anyway. I just remembered. He's going into the office."

"But—why—Curt couldn't—"

"He's going to. Because I won't let the air service do to me what it has done to you and Binny, Lucy! Look at Binny. Because he can't forget that horror down in the Gulf Stream—those people slipping away—that little boy watching his mother go—it's because of that that Binny is like this. I won't let it happen to Curt and me. I won't! But I'll ask him to help Binny."

SHE telephoned, and Curt mumbled sleepily at first, then roused and promised to come at once. But it was midnight before a scuffling sound below and maudlin babblings announced Binny's return. They struggled up the stairs, Curt pale-faced and still, half carrying, half wrestling crimson-faced Binny, who waved his arms and shouted and laughed raucously. Lucy was chalk-white, still as death. Curt said simply, "Hello, Anne. Fix the bed, Lucy."

After that began the frantic struggle with Binny. Lucy made coffee, strong and black, and Curt forced Binny to drink it, silencing his incoherent arguments, slapping him over and over in the face with an icy towel. Anne opened tomato juice, cutting her finger on the can opener.

Then in the middle of a tirade Binny turned over suddenly and sank into senseless sleep.

Curt let the towel fall. "It's no use," he said. "He couldn't go up. He'd crack up—kill everybody."

"Maybe a doctor—" began Lucy.

"No use." Curt stiffened his shoulders, set his mouth in a hard line. "It would be a crime if Craig let him go up for a week after this."

"It's a crime," Anne said steadily, "to let any one go up!"

Curt nodded. His face was stiff and dry. He did not look young any more.

"It was a crime when they sent men across the sea under sails. Or when men crossed the country in wagon trains. It was a crime to risk men's lives with crude steam engines. But the world—everything that we have—was built on crimes like that. Courage, speed, recklessness—men with grit and women with steel in their veins and songs on their lips." He faced her grimly. "Anne, I'm going to fly Binny's ship South. I'm taking her out at five in the morning. I'm going to lie down here and get four hours' sleep and Lucy will wake me up and make me a gallon of black coffee. Then I'll take Binny's ship. I'm sorry—but it has to be that way."

"Craig won't let you!" The fiery fear was in her veins again—or was it fear? This quivering that was like the thin call of bugles. This tremulous thing that tensed her like the neighing of stallions, like the sound of anchor chains let go, like the imminent glad thunder of wings! "Craig won't let you go!" she fought it. "It's against the rules."

"Craig will let me go. Barnes is down and Hughey has a sprained wrist. There isn't another man to send. Craig will let me go. And when I come down, Anne, I'm not going into any ground job. I—can't. I'm a pilot—a wind-fighting, eagle-baiting pilot. I've got the trade wind in my veins instead of blood. I'm breaking my word because I can't keep it. I'd be a rotten quitter if I did keep it! I love you like the devil, but I can't be the man you want me to be, so I'm letting you go. You'll find a nice tame fellow some day—some chap who won't climb a stepladder to pick a quart of cherries. He'll make you happy. Now—I'm going to sleep. Can you keep that kid quiet for a few hours, Lucy?"

HELEN TOPPING MILLER

*sold her first short story in 1910, although she had been writing since girlhood. Since her first sale she has had stories in virtually every magazine in the country. At the present time she lives in North Carolina in the summer and Dallas, Texas, in winter.*

Lucy said yes chokily, and Curt flung himself on the day bed limply, looking like the tired and handsome little boy he might have been once.

Anne sat on the edge of a chair numbly, her thoughts racing. Then after a little she went home and put her mother's car in the garage, walking softly under the tall oleanders in the star-dizzy tropic night. A mocking bird was singing in the flame vine on the garage. And the sky bent near—diamond-spangled and intimate. Somehow Anne was not afraid of it. Somehow it lifted her. She hated it and put her hands up to fend it away—but the lifting lure of it that swept men up and made them half men and half laughing gods gripped her.

At five o'clock she wakened sharply. Clearly overhead she caught the hollow thunder of great motors, the southward swoop of wings. But she did not cower, nor shudder with impotent anger as she had done so long. She tossed a little kiss to the ceiling, as a maid would fling a gage into the arena. She whispered, "Good luck, lover!" into her pillow, and slept again, swiftly.

Two days later, when the clipper came back, she crossed the dusty, dazzling field again to the hangar.

Marty Mehany was squatting on a ladder, wringing bolts back on the motor of a dismantled plane. He scrubbed his short oily nose and grinned at her.

"So you didn't quit the service? I thought sure you was quittin'!"

Anne smiled at him.

"No, I didn't quit, Marty. I tried. I meant to ground myself—I very nearly ruined Curt. I'm afraid yet, horribly afraid!"

Marty came down from his ladder. He was squat and fifty and wrinkled like a monkey. But wisdom was blue fire in his Irish eyes.

"And who," he demanded, "ain't afraid? Every lad of 'em—the grand devils—they snuff up danger like a good dog on the trail. When they come out here pulling in their belts I see 'em bracin' against it. And that's where the glory is. Fightin' it. Fightin' fear. That's what makes 'em the devilish fine lads that they are. And when are you and Curt gittin' that house out in Shenandoah—with the red high chair in it?"

"Ask Curt, Marty." Warm red burned in her cheeks.

"Bedad, I will that. Yeah, boy—there he comes. Look yonder past the sun."

THE field tensed and quickened. The men with barrows of brick stopped dead still and for a breath they too were lifted by the swoop of wings. A Caribbean clipper was coming in.

The big clipper swung low, circled, dropped slowly, safely, skillfully to a perfect landing. Spray flew in a great cloud; the propellers slowed; the pontoons bit the foamy wash.

Anne walked to the landing dock. She saw Curt crawling out of the little door, saw him straighten and look at the sky, so gallant and handsome in his whipcords, hair shining in the sun.

She gave a little cry that was half a sob. "Curt!" She ran. And Curt saw her and ran too.

"Anne!" He caught her close as though he would never let her go.

A lady passenger clutched the arm of her fat husband.

"Poor things!" they heard her murmur sympathetically. "I suppose she lives a life of absolute terror, expecting him to be killed."

Anne's lips jerked into a gallant stiff-lipped smile.

"Why—why—the ridiculous old thing!" she cried. "Because she's scared to death she thinks we're all idiots!"

THE END

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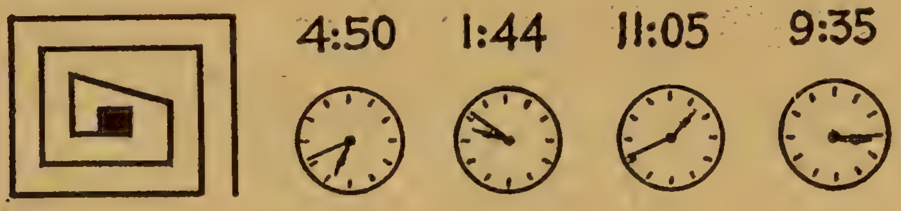
## Answer to Witwork Puzzle on Page 22



## "AND IT MAKES SENSE" ANSWER

Johnson, where *I* might have had "had had" had had "had had." Had I had "had had" and had Johnson, who might have had "had" had "have had," I might have passed.

## "SEEN THROUGH A CAMERA" ANSWER

The man moves toward your left.

## SCRAMBLED WORDS ANSWER

Correct transposition with the added letter gives the word: GRIPPE

"OLIVE OIL—
there's nothing like it to fix that skin irritation!"
Joseph Smith
TRAINER OF TOMMY LOUGHRAN

Tommy Loughran

BANISH AFTER-SHAVE IRRITATION
with Palmolive — the shave cream made with olive oil!

NOTE how fine your face feels after a Palmolive shave! No sting or irritation!

That's because Palmolive is made with olive oil . . . the soothing oil that Joseph Smith, trainer of Tommy Loughran, and thousands of barbers, skin specialists and trainers agree is one of the finest preventives of skin irritation!

And it's the unique Palmolive formula, including olive oil, that explains Palmolive's rich, creamy lather that stands up for fully 10 minutes! (1 inch of cream makes 1 quart of lather!) Never dries or wilts. Gives a closer, cleaner, easier shave! Try Palmolive After-Shave Lotion and After-Shave Talc.

25¢

FOUR SHAVES FOR 1¢

# TO THE LADIES!

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 52 SECONDS

UNITED AIR LINES
UNITED AIR LINES

## by

## PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

Linguist, Friend of the Famous in Europe, and
Descendant of the First Czar of Russia

YOU know her as Lyolene—the Paris fashion expert whose models now are copied over here more generally, perhaps, than those of any other French creator. Her real name is Helene Pouterman, and she is one more of us gals from Russia who have come bobbing up all over the world since the Revolution.

Broke in Paris, as an exile, after a life of ease in Russia, she began to earn her way by making fantastic dolls. Next she added lingerie to her repertoire, then blouses, then skirts to match the blouses. Her very first showing of original dresses was a knockout—but none of them would fit anybody. She had been too poor to employ efficient help. Her designs, however, were so good that they attracted wide attention, and Lyolene was soon included among the great names of Paris fashiondom.

Now she has moved to the United States, intending to settle here permanently. This decision on her part offers a striking example of the effect of world politics on the luxury trades.

Although our Wall Street crash of 1929 hit the French style houses hard enough, I was surprised to hear Lyolene declare that the present situation in Germany has struck them a much harder blow.

"The Germans," she told me, "used to buy more Paris models than the Americans. America buys only a few outstanding novelties to serve as inspiration. Germany bought everything—copied everything. Their copies were so exact that they had to have all the fabrics and all the accessories. Hitler has taxed these imports so heavily that French models for export no longer pay."

So Lyolene has sailed over here to start all over again. To begin with, she is making a tour of the country.

Helene Pouterman
(Lyolene)

FROM Canada comes this story of faith long kept, of loyalty surviving the test of time. It made me remember that Canada is still more or less a land of pioneers, and that the pioneer virtues are there preserved.

It was twenty-two years ago that John Steele of Ontario fell in love with Violet Sparks. That was in England, before he came to Canada. Her parents made her reject him because of his poverty—but Violet never forgot him, although she obeyed her parents' wishes and married another man. Recently she became a widow. Faithful John Steele, after twenty-two years of waiting, sailed straight for England, married her there, and brought her home to Canada. I confess to a sentimental fondness for such old-fashioned romance. We hear of it all too seldom in our age of hasty wedlock and hastier divorce.

HAVE just discovered that I am a business promoter. Feel very set up about it. Two men—one in New York and one in California—tell me that they have launched new business enterprises based upon ideas they found on this page.

"Thanks to you," says the California gentleman, "I am now running a nice little manufacturing concern. I make paper lipstick shields for the big stores where women try on hundreds of dresses. It was from your page that I learned about the demand for this new product."

The New York man has patented a small electric wine cooler. "Some months ago," he reminds me, "you wrote a paragraph suggesting the possible markets for such a device."

How about a private Blue Eagle for me?

A FRIEND of mine from the South flew here to New York. Enjoyed the flight immensely. She never had seen New York from the top of the Empire State Building, so I took her up there. One peek over the edge, and she became sick with dizziness. "That's funny," said I. "Weren't you dizzy on the plane?" No, on the plane she had been perfectly comfortable. This phenomenon interested me. I got in touch with a doctor who specializes in such matters. He told me that lots of aviators get dizzy on high buildings, and that plenty of people who don't mind high buildings at all get airsick in planes. It appears that the two reactions are caused by altogether different actions. Height dizziness is mental. Airsickness, like seasickness, comes from the stomach.

LONDON bobbies or Scotland Yard detectives can now be hired by any one in England for $7.25 a day. Isn't that a dandy scheme for us to adopt? Timid wives could establish a charge account with the police department. When your husband leaves you alone at night—send for a policeman. Charge it, please!

A FINE novel about fox-hunting, horse-racing, coach-driving American aristocrats is The Long Whip, by Eugene Campbell. (Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

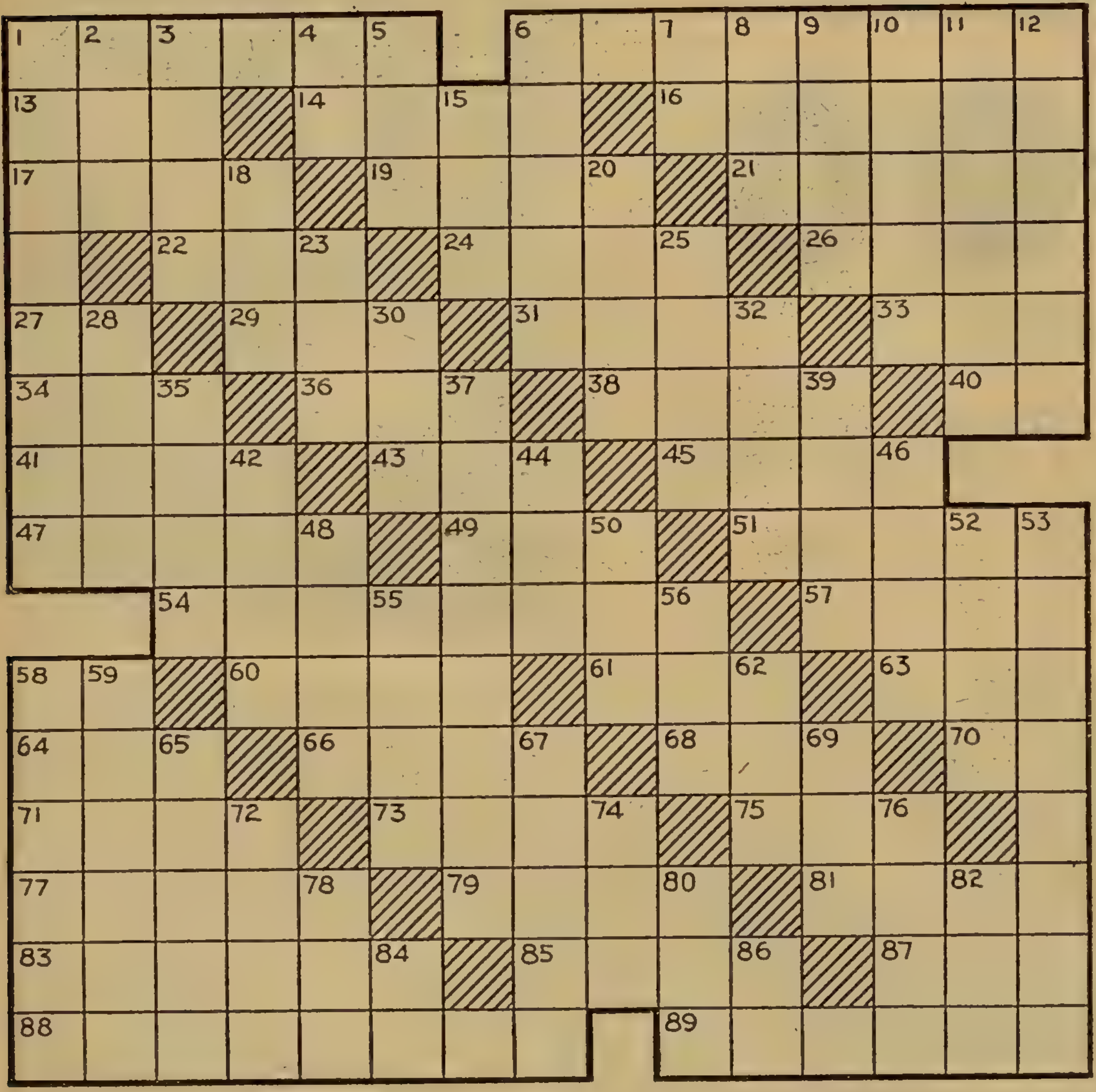
THESE hot anchovy sticks provide something new and zestful in the canapé line.

They go best with Martini or Manhattan cocktails, and are quite easy to make.

Use puff paste, or any good pie dough. Roll out 2 strips 3 inches wide and about 12 inches long. Drain all the oil off your anchovy fillets. Have a little chopped parsley prepared. Lay a row of fillets on one of the pastry strips, sprinkle parsley on each fillet, and brush between them with egg-and-water mixture. Cover with your second pastry strip. Now cut between the fillets and you will have 6 or 8 anchovy sticks. Close the edges of each stick carefully, brush over with egg, sprinkle with paprika, bake 12 minutes in medium oven. Serve while warm.

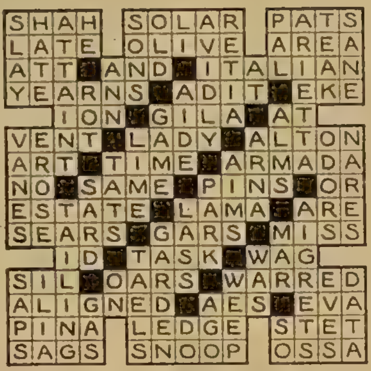
# Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Whose word is the very last in marriage?
6 This crosses the bar foaming at the mouth
13 Scram
14 A bread spread
16 A car barn
17 What lots of women discuss on summer-resort porches
19 If two feet make a biped what do three feet make?
21 Cigaretty flavors
22 A piece of asparagus
24 This tears down a man's resistance
26 Sparking place
27 What naughty soldier boys do (abbr.)
29 What a fat woman likes to take off when she goes on a diet
31 The mystery of the kitchen
33 A chip of the old blockhead
34 Loads of time
36 Pea jacket
38 Gain
40 Here's a small great
41 This leads a saxy life
43 When we say three letters here we mean three
45 The kind of existence John Doe leads with Jane Doe
47 The idol set in Hollywood
49 What many weak-willed people read first in mystery stories
51 Here's the old female spirit
54 These get put on the pan in the morning
57 Kicker
58 Cockeyed Santies (abbr.)
60 This leads a very henpecked life
61 Old-fashioned rat trap
63 Attempt
64 Oldhens' Tattling Association (abbr.)
66 An all-too-common garden product
68 Here's a booming business
70 What the United States army dresses in (abbr.)
71 This dines in the best of clothes



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Answer to last week's puzzle

73 Court service
75 A little thing your wife gets attached to in the kitchen
77 Mouth piece
79 A parking place
81 This is said to be cheap in France
83 These shine in bands
85 A foxy movement
87 A brother in kind
88 What Congressmen sit in (plural)
89 What the wise girl does when the millionaire suitor pops the question

VERTICAL

1 These hedges need constant trimming
2 This'll tone down a loud squeaker
3 What they do to your handcuffs in Reno
4 Nothing doing here
5 What Foxy Grandpa was
6 Tender places
7 The north and south ends of Hongkong
8 This turns into horseflesh
9 The kind of engineer a dentist is
10 Whose character did Anna Sten first portray in this country?
11 A scrambled egg and some whisky
12 Do not like and say so
15 To engage in the great American table pastime
18 To park
20 A good-looking Arabian is never lacking for this
23 The sound of revelry by night
25 To absorb print
28 There's a lot of rhyme but not much reason for this fellow
30 In the negative
32 This bird leads a high life
35 Very tidey
37 These are in the construction business in Spain
39 Very tidy
42 It takes pull to do this
44 This dries while you're looking for the blotter
46 Union Square (New York) tea party
48 Breakfast flakes for an Eskimo
50 A beastly place for dad to go
52 A plane beginning
53 Ship's hospitals
55 This bunch has a lot of pull at college
56 Do this and you'll be kept in stitches
58 Prisoners use these to break up long sentences
59 What Jimmy Wallington is to Eddie Cantor
62 This contains some of the best brains in Scotland
65 Here's a fellow who carries the weight of the world on his shoulders
67 You hear of fatheads going on these
69 Pure baloney
72 Lots of windy speakers broadcast through these
74 Old-fashioned feather bed
76 What the cow kicked over
78 This talks in Portugal
80 Willie is always getting the inside dope on this
82 Letters of the law
84 A conclusive conjunction
86 Half time

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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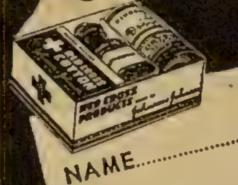

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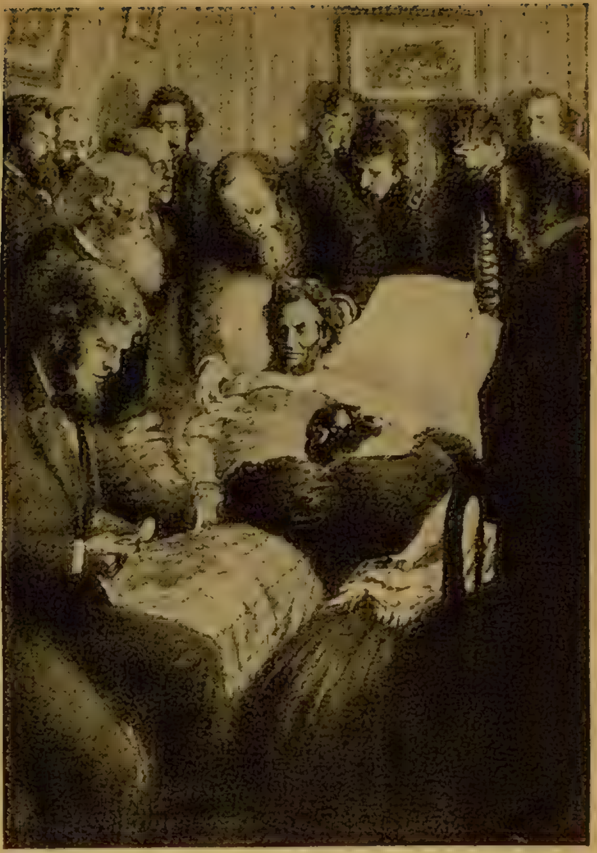
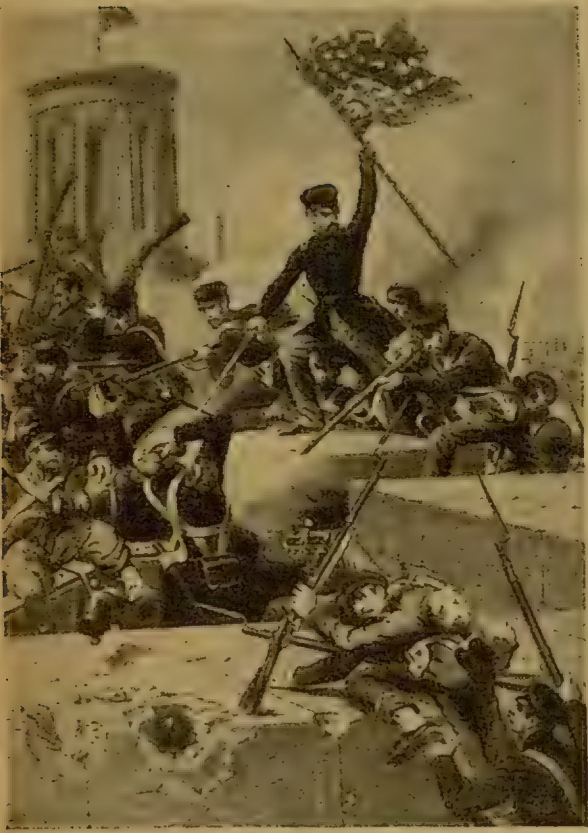
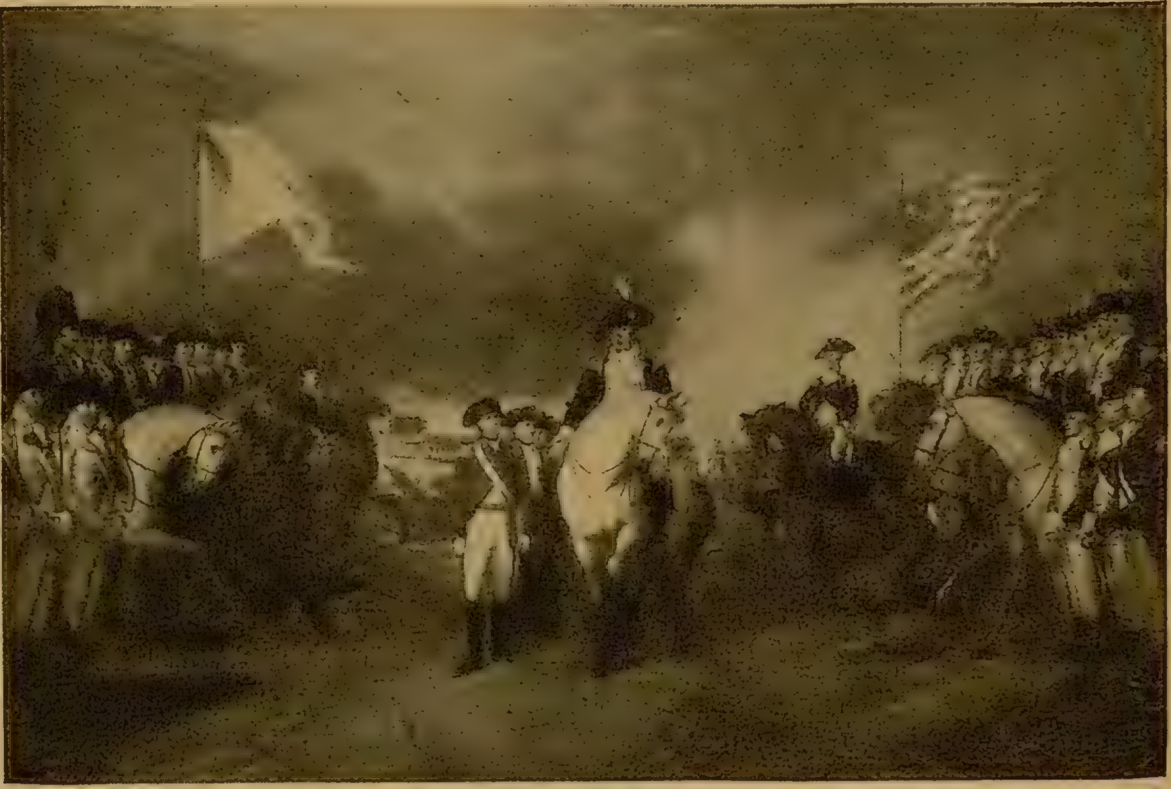
# SET NO. 9 IN THE
# $2,000
# CASH PRIZE
# HISTORICAL PICTURE
# GAME







## The RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will reproduce three famous pictures illustrating notable events in North American history. There will be thirty pictures in all.

2. Each picture will be well known to the reading public through reproduction in history textbooks and in magazines and the press in connection with celebrations and anniversaries.

3. To compete, cut out or trace with reasonable accuracy each of the pictures, and below each write an identification of the historic event it illustrates, using not more than twenty-five words for each picture.

4. For the set of thirty pictures accompanied by the clearest, most interesting identifications Liberty will award a first prize of $500. A second prize of $200 will be paid; a third prize of $100; $10 each for the twenty next best; and $5 each for the 200 next best. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be paid.

5. When your entry is complete, send it by first-class mail to HISTORICAL PICTURES CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

6. No contestant will be entitled to more than one award. Any one, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, October 17, the closing date of this contest.

## ONLY ANOTHER WEEK TO COMPLETE YOUR ENTRY

WITH the reproductions on this page, ladies and gentlemen, your Game of Historical Pictures enters its closing stages. When you have identified these scenes and added them to your steadily growing collection, it will only be necessary to identify three more pictures which will close the series next week. The prize money is almost within sight right now.

This week you are considering episodes in two wars and a tragedy that climaxed a third. Why so many war subjects in a Historical Picture Game? Probably because the drama of war has had greater appeal to the imagination of artists than the more prosaic episodes of industry and peace. Perhaps, also, because war pictures have captured the national feeling of the public and, serving as emblems of patriotism in countless homes, have become among the best known historical illustrations. Whatever the reason, it is immediately apparent to the collector of historical pictures that martial scenes predominate the available material.

When you prepare your contest entry do not expend time and money on elaboration and decoration. Simplicity combined with accuracy is more valuable than inaccurate ornateness. Remember this as you prepare your presentation. The closing date, Wednesday, October 17, is far enough removed to give ample time to check your identifications carefully before sending them in.

### WATCH FOR THE FINAL SET IN THIS SERIES NEXT WEEK!

Contest copyrighted 1934 by Otto Kurth

# TOUCHDOWNS are coming!

## How Changed Rules and a Smaller Ball Will Multiply Gridiron Thrills This Year

### by DICK HYLAND

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

"SOMETHING must be done to the football rules," said "Pop" Warner. Thousands seconded him.

"It's getting tougher to score all the time," said Columbia's Lou Little—and how the boys agreed with *that* statement!

"The defense has caught and passed the offense," said the sports writers. Which was true.

And so three changes—one terrifically effective, revolutionary—have been made in the 1934 American football rules.

Last season a weakness in football which has been developing for some time came to the surface with a bang and caused a unanimous storm of protest, the first to arise within the ranks of those playing and coaching the game in many a long year. Even the spectators howled.

Alabama, Minnesota, California, Notre Dame, Wisconsin, Mississippi, Chicago, Oregon State, Colgate, Lafayette—every section of the country and every kind of team found itself tangled up with scoreless contests.

A New York newspaper listed 187 games one November Saturday; 118 of these showed one or both teams unable to cross a goal line, tally a safety, or kick a goal.

As offensive football appeared to be developed to its zenith—barring some radical use of the lateral pass—it was declared the offense should be aided and the defense handicapped through legislation. Otherwise those unsatisfactory scoreless games would continue. Of late years there has been no surprise, no puzzling new offense in football.

The game has been a test of man against man, and too often these men were stand-offs and produced scoreless or low-score games not too interesting except to a technician.

So the Rules Committee got busy and mandated that the first forward pass grounded and uncompleted *behind* the opponents' goal line in any series of four downs *is no longer a touchback.* It will be counted merely as a down, as incomplete passes between the goal lines have always been counted. The second pass ruled uncompleted behind the goal line will be a touchback as formerly. But how that first pass will help the offense, change all quarterback strategy, handicap the defense!

"Go, Harvard!"

"Hold 'em, Yale!"

The Crimson has driven down the field with sure smashes off tackle and bucks through center. The twenty-yard line is crossed. Blood coursing through the veins of the players, of the fans in the stands, quickens. A climax, a score, is coming!

And last year what happened then?

The Yale defensive backs moved up closer to the line of scrimmage where they could get to the ball carrier immediately after the ball was snapped, could meet him on the line of scrimmage. In the center of the field, with these defensive backs forced to remain far from the line of scrimmage because of the constant threat of a forward pass, which they had to guard against, the Elis were powerless before the Harvard running attack.

But near their own goal line the Yale backs feared no pass. They knew most passes cannot be completed even in signal practice, with no one bothering the passer or receiver. They knew no smart quarterback would risk a pass over the goal line when loss of the ball was the most probable result.

So t'ell with passes—and up they moved to stop the Harvard running attack, and Eli's jittery defense became a stone wall. Harvard lost the ball after four ineffective cracks at the line.

And this year what will happen?

Harvard will probably score. So will other teams in like situations.

Because now the first forward pass grounded over the goal line during any series of four downs does not mean loss of the ball unless thrown on fourth down.

"That," says Dick Hanley, Northwestern's coach, "means an offensive team may pass, and the defensive backs must guard against that possibility by remaining away from the line of scrimmage; so three fewer men are available to stop running plays quickly within the twenty-yard line.

"And that means more scores."

The old penalty of five yards inflicted for the second and each subsequent uncompleted forward pass in any series of four downs has been done away with.

"We found," explains William S. Langford, secretary of the Rules Committee, "that far from discouraging passing, the rule practically forced a team to pass. After being assessed that first penalty a team had so far to go that a successful pass was about its only hope of making a first down. The rule was a handicap to the offense."

THE team with the ball has been helped two ways by the elimination of that penalty. It now loses but a down for an incompleted forward pass and therefore remains close enough to the first-down marker so that running plays may be effective in gaining the required distance.

And the defense no longer knows what the next play is likely to be. A pass almost always followed that penalty last year.

The ball itself has been made standard size and cut down almost an inch in circumference. This will not affect kicking to any appreciable degree, but it will aid passing. The ball being smaller, the boys can get their hands around it easier. A rule of this type was needed anyway because too many of the coaching fraternity were coming up with peculiar balls advocated by various sporting-goods houses which had the coaches under salary to push their ball.

Players found themselves practicing with one kind of ball and playing with another when they went traveling.

But the important change is that rule first mentioned. The "zone of intense resistance," that last long twenty yards or so to the goal line which has stymied so many thrilling marches, has been broken up.

A rule concerning passing has helped all running plays. It is the most revolutionary bit of legislation in football in years.

Come on, you touchdowns!

THE END

# Modern Lady

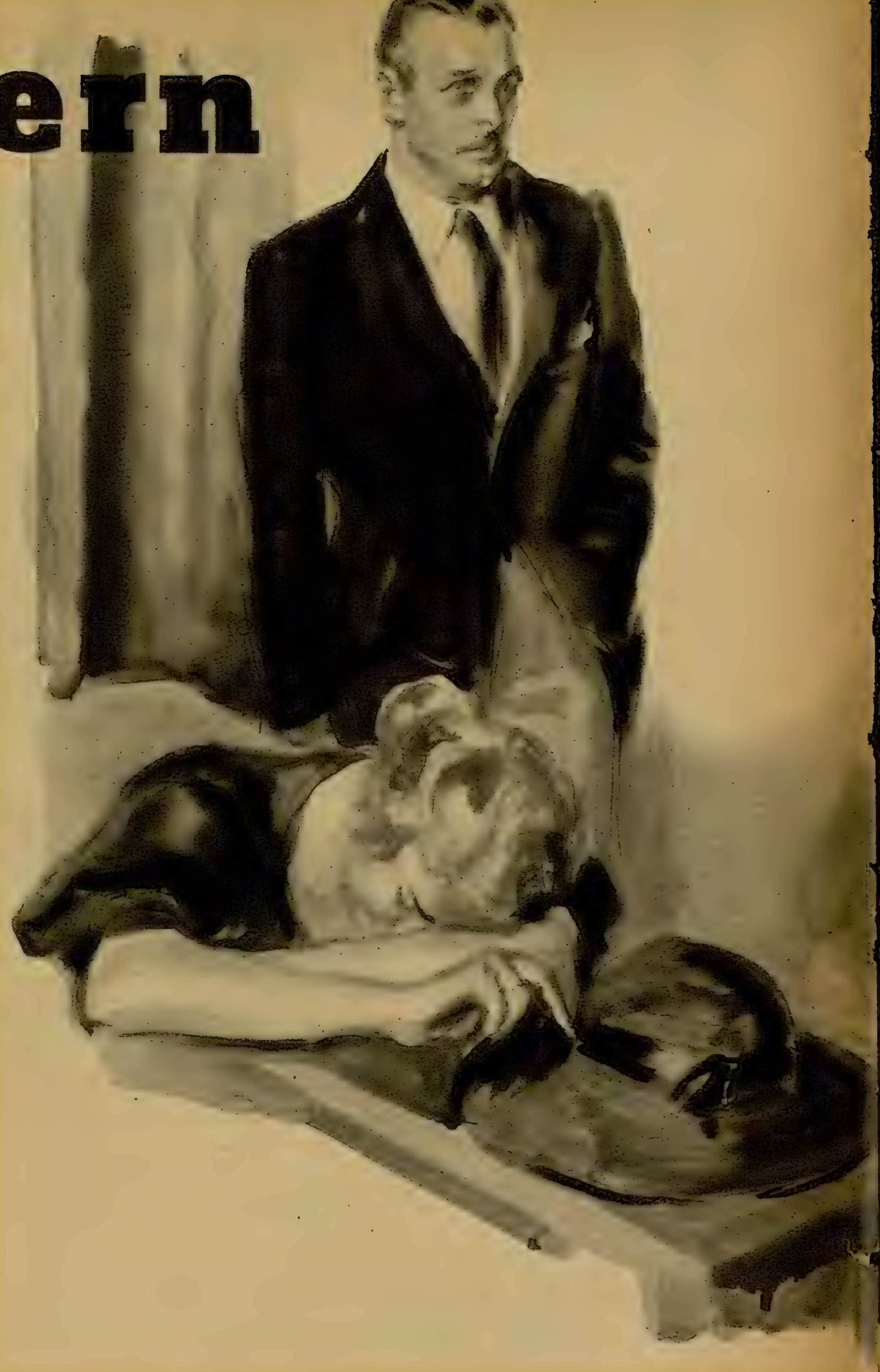
READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 42 SECONDS

IN the year 1910 Jane McAm, a pale, red-headed girl, finds herself the sole breadwinner of her family. Her father, Teddy McAm, is a " lifer " in prison. Her younger sister, Marion, is with their Aunt Lucy, an actress in San Francisco; her kid brothers, Dick and Toby, are with their Uncle Fred in Vermont; and her once beautiful mother, Nell, is an invalid with a broken hip.

After a futile search for work, Jane takes a chance offered her by Edgar Holloway, a New Rochelle real estate dealer, to sell a tract of sand on Long Island owned by Tom Leeds, a wealthy young clubman. With the aid of Rudy West, her childhood sweetheart, now a budding engineer, she sells the tract and thereby gets a start in the realty business. Jane's old love for Rudy, the only one of her former acquaintances who didn't cut her when her father shot a man in a card game and was imprisoned, is revived, despite the fact that Rudy is engaged to Nina Norris. Leeds makes love to Jane, then drops her for the prettier and more alluring Marion, when the latter returns.

Resolute Perry, a rich old jollier, meets Nina and Marion at a party and gets them both jobs in Broadway shows. This worries Rudy and, regarding Jane as his pal, he turns to her for advice. Though she secretly loves him, Jane urges Rudy to marry Nina at once. Their engagement is announced, but Rudy's illness postpones the marriage, and finally Nina's stage success makes the union seemingly impossible.

Jane develops her real estate business with Holloway to a point where his wife, Stella, tries to interfere. Mrs. Holloway suspects that the girl is trying to steal the business, which she intends eventually to be taken over by her son, Doug, now at Princeton. Out of her commissions Jane sends her mother to a hospital for an operation which will enable her to walk again; and Rudy calls for her there one evening quite drunk. He insists he has something important to tell her and Jane suspects he has broken off with Nina. She gets him to his home and drives on to Marion's apartment. Marion tells Jane of rumors of a scandalous affair between Nina and Perry, then Rudy telephones imploring Jane to come to him. He threatens to shoot Perry, and Jane, fearing an even greater scandal—perhaps a murder—agrees to hurry to his house.



Nell McAm put her head on the table and began to

## PART FOUR—" ANYWAY, LIFE ISN'T OVER "

SWIFTLY Jane was preparing for the street again. Impulsively Marion went to her; her thin childish arms held her close and her kid curlers pressed into Jane's neck.

" You're awfully silly to love him so," she whispered. Jane trembled in her embrace.

" I know. I know. He's going away, Marion. Two years—two years—South America somewhere. He hasn't even told his folks."

Marion squinted into Jane's quivering face.

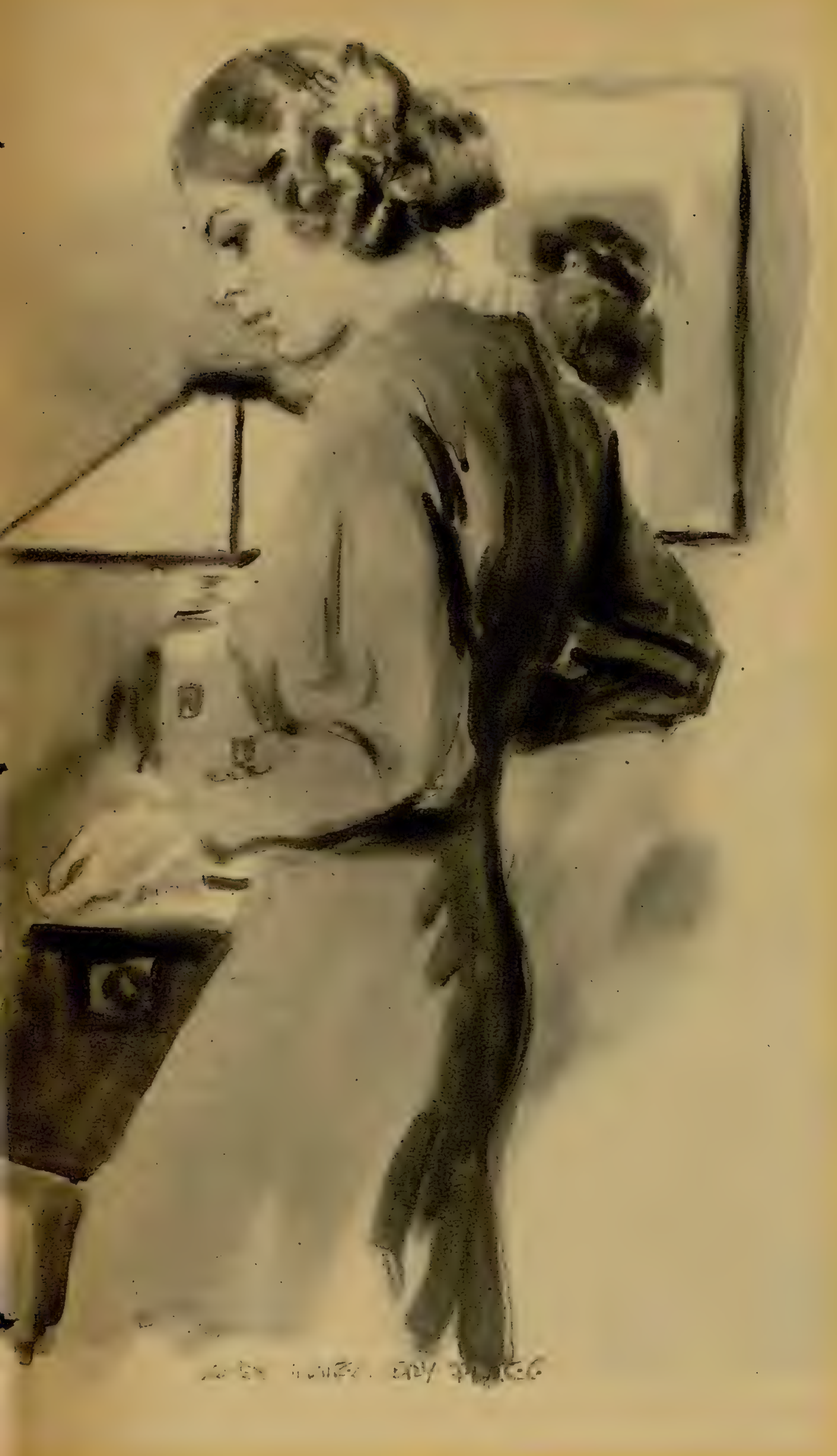
" No telling what he may do if he's taking it that hard. I'm going to call Nina, and I'm going to call Abby. So you go and hold him down until somebody gets there. Hurry up now."

He was at the door when Jane climbed the six

**What Does One Do When Love Is Gone? Jane Faces an Ancient Problem That Somehow Seems Always New. . . Continuing a Poignant Novel of Today by**

## GRACE PERKINS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



ry. "Please go, Duke. Please—just go."

stone steps in East Sixty-fourth Street. Heavily sober.

He led her up the staircase, narrow and smelling of polish. At the end of the first landing his door stood open. He closed it as they entered and took her in his arms.

"You're good to come to me," he whispered. "You're the best friend I have in the world."

She pressed him tightly to her and kissed the cheek against her lips.

"You're my best friend too." She pulled away. "Why a fire on a night like this? Ah—"

She bit her lip realizing the density of her query. Her steady blue eyes caught the scorched sepia-toned print of Nina's face.

"I can't believe it," Rudy said quietly.

She sat in a great rattan chair by the fire, absentmindedly taking off her gloves and hat, her eyes never leaving his face. He came over and sat on the arm of the chair.

"Of course I couldn't believe it, Jane. I told her so. I suggested we get married right away. I wanted—I wanted to be right beside her, of course, to face such a scandal. And she laughed, Jane. She said it was true. That she didn't think there would be such a loud scandal, for Perry could buy his wife's pianissimo—that's her word. Nina has gotten so she talks always as if she were on the stage playing a big scene. She said—she said—"

HIS voice refused him, and he got to his feet.

"I left Nina at the theater tonight and wandered around like a fool. Then I thought of this job and I went to Moffin's home. I begged him to let me go, even at the last minute. He was pretty damn' swell. Only—only he said one thing, Jane. He said, 'You can't learn from all the jobs and all the books and all the colleges in the world what one woman can teach you. The trick is not to have to learn it more than once.'"

"Does he think all women teach the same lesson, Rudy?" Jane smiled. "Sit down, Rudy, and rest. I'll pack for you."

"You don't need to, thanks. I'm practically done."

Her eyes caught a sharp gleam from the mantelpiece, and she recognized the exquisite ring that was Nina's. She stared at it, and her hand went unconsciously to the point between her breasts where the old jade ring was pinned to her clothing. There was so much to say to him, and the last chance perhaps to speak.

Below them came the sounds of a car stopping.

"Father and Abby," Rudy said briefly.

"I think I'd better go, Rudy. They'll want to be alone with you."

He nodded vaguely.

"I'm glad you're going, Rudy. It should"—with enormous effort she found the weakest of words—"it should be splendid, you know."

He patted her hand and smiled absently.

"Anyway life isn't over, you know," she pushed on clumsily. "Maybe—maybe this is only an incident."

"Good-by, Jane. You're a darling."

He leaned forward to kiss her, but a preëmptory banging at the door cut upon the moment.

Jane stiffened and turned to face Dr. West and a frightened Abby.

She saw a gleam of understanding in the professor's eyes and a look of open relief in Abby's. They marched past, talking to Rudy as if she hadn't existed.

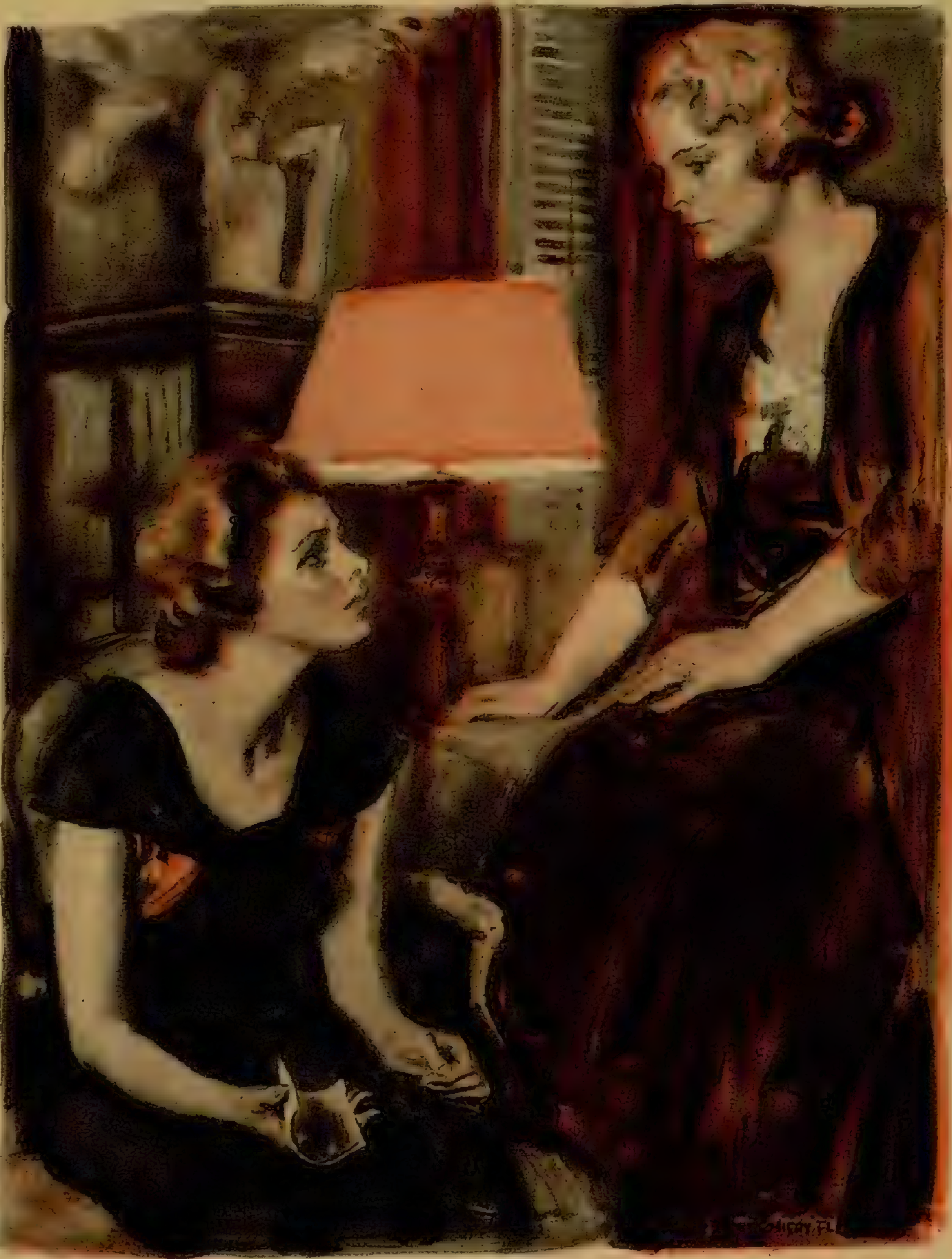
Quietly Jane picked up her hat and gloves and purse. At the doorway she again hesitated. Father and sister, with backs to her, screened Rudy from view save for the dauntless crest of his gleaming black hair. He was laughing at them.

She closed the door quietly and hurried down the narrow staircase that smelled of polish.

What does one do when love is gone?

Over and over Jane asked herself. There must be hundreds—thousands—who face the question and solve it some way. Her mother, for example! In her aching sympathy Jane began lavishly to indulge the whims of the half-adolescent woman who was deliriously happy to have her legs again in command. Poor mother. How did she stand it, knowing her man, her lover, was shut up from her for a lifetime?

Following her father's long written instructions and the advice of Tom Leeds's attorney, Jane had already begun the slow work of years to gain a pardon for Teddy McAm.



" Rudy ! " Jane said dully. " And I don't know him ! Mama, I don't know him ! "

Mechanically she went through her days and nights. The clock brought the hour when at Grand Central Station she stood waiting for her brothers—out of hock at last. Marion beside her, gay and heady with the excitement of a job in Nina's new show.

" There's two boys ! " Marion nudged her.

JANE peered. Two boys. Those two!

" It couldn't be ! " she protested feebly, but even as she spoke she knew better.

Six and eleven when she had last seen them. Of course she had expected them to be changed. But these—utter, utter strangers! Dick looking at her now with defiant challenging eyes, like father; Toby gazing up at her with a silly smile.

" Well," she said. " Well. Welcome home ! "

She bent and kissed each. There was a soft queer bristle on Dick's cheek. So they shaved at sixteen! Toby's hot little face was too soft for his lean sharp-boned features.

" Where's home ? " Dick demanded swiftly of Jane. Marion laughed. " Well, are you ready? Where's your luggage ? "

Jane's heart hurt when she realized that the one straw valise was all they had between them. She took Dick's arm and hurried him off. His silence panicked her. She felt chagrined at his shabby shiny suit and the worn scuffed shoes with dangling laces, and the too-long hair under a scrubby checked cap, yet she felt conscious that he was also critical of her. Just why, she could not figure, but the criticism was plain in his eyes.

SHE brought them to the little house where Cosima, the faithful relic of wop neighbors who was Jane's general manager, waited. Cosima, brass earrings dangling, her broad bosom swelling with the pride of starched white house dress, welcomed them volubly in two languages and led them to a table where chocolate cake and glasses of milk awaited them. Jane helped draw baths for them and melted under the looks of resentment at her presence. Poor kids wanted privacy—she embarrassed them. Downstairs she phoned the hospital to find out how mother was. Upstairs again, pretending not to snoop, wondering if they would mind if she kissed them good night.

Their bedroom door was locked! They might have *called* good night.

At that moment she heard a sound that startled her. Crying! Yes, one of them was crying. No question.

" Please, please ! " She beat on the door.

A frightened skinny figure in a rumpled night robe opened it. Dick. A thin half child, half man—a forlorn boy!

In the bed was the other. Face down on the pillow to muffle his bawling.

" What is it ? " she begged softly, her eyes pleading with Dick.

" Aw, he's a big baby. He makes me sick."

Dick had half turned away.

" Doesn't he like it here ? "

Toby, sniffling loudly and sickeningly, sat up in the bed, his face streaked, his brown hair on end.

" Sure, I like it," he exploded, his underlip perilously extended and stretched. " Ain't we waited for this ? "

The question cut Jane through. Ain't we waited for this?

With Dick by the hand she sat on Toby's bed. " Were you disappointed not to see mother?" she asked them.

Head-shakings.

"Well, please, Toby, dear, what was it? I won't think you're a baby."

"Aw, I won his penknife off'n him," said Dick.

"He's won everything off'n me gradually. He allus wins everything—everything off'n me."

"Well, if I win it, I win it and it's fair, ain't it? A bad loser's rotten potatoes, and I told him so. I bet him we wouldn't see nothin' of New Yawk. That's all. And we didn't. You can't count the station seein' New Yawk, can you?"

Jane began to laugh. The whole tragedy was so relievingly absurd, so easily adjusted. So pleasant to sit with her arms around them, to promise a trip to New York to see everything, anything they longed to see. To promise a new penknife. So nice to have them let her kiss them—to open their windows. To hear her name—"Good night, Jane."

In her own room, sitting in her cotton nightgown, she wrote to father, telling him about his sons; wrote to Rudy who was out on the high seas and wouldn't even have arrived at his destination yet. It would take four or five weeks for a letter to be answered.

Extravagant within her means she began the next day to indulge her brothers. From the start she insisted upon paying such a heavy price for their love and allegiance; what wonder if they taxed her ruthlessly for their devotion later?

Mother was brought home, and surprised with an outdoor couch swing for the lingering heat of the early fall. Since Toby was in doubtful condition—weak stomach and weaker eyes; and since Dick was six feet one and weighed only a hundred and thirty-eight, Jane decided—and the family agreed—that school was as much as they could be permitted, and all thought of part-time jobs was abandoned until they had a year or so of careful living and sleep and nourishment.

JANE read what they read, tramped and built fires and skated with them, breaking date after date to be with them, glowing in their occasional grunts of admiration, a slipshod, shamefaced kiss; straining to supply them their desires and wants.

Yet precious as they were to her, and much as they loved her, Jane found a sense of incompleteness with them. Even with her family around her there were still those lonely minutes when the ghost of Rudy rose up to haunt her with a heartache nothing could beat down.

A letter came at last, one to make Jane's heart ache even more:

> It is difficult to write because you seem so far away. You and—everybody. I feel as if I were in a different world. No, a different lifetime. That's a good thing. But you are like some one I read about in a very absorbing story. Can you understand such nonsense? It is even harder writing to father and Abby. You know how I love them both, yet they don't seem like real people to me. Just memories. This long voyage is taking me into a new life, quite separate from my old life—I am to be born into Caracas—and what do you suppose that will be like? Judging from the food on the ship it won't be so comfortable, but dinner is being bugled and I shall eat despite their cooking. After all such philosophic ramblings, I should complete the mood by signing myself
>
> Your dear departed spirit,
>
> RUDY.

He had found one of the anodynes. Travel. Change of scene. That, then, cured love? For some people, perhaps. Others took to drink. Oh, lots of people.

Jane found her own answer, naturally enough, in work. It so happened that she made a grave error which sent Holloway skyrocketing into a fury of temper. The resulting difficulties gave rise to the entrance of Mrs. Edgar Holloway. Stella Holloway, who had a Lillian Russell figure, a Duchess-of-Sutherland wardrobe, and a bull-terrier face, sailed into the office that supported herself and her son and demanded the resignation of her husband's red-headed assistant. Seth Percy, the indefatigable insurance wit, edged out of the building and

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hied himself to Real Estate Row to spread indignant descriptions of what was going on in his home office. Richard Peal, eighty, and almighty in Westchester real estate, marched himself over and in to the office of Holloway Brothers.

"Forgive me for intruding," he tossed at husband and wife, and faced Jane with elaborate deference. "But if this man is fool enough to let you loose, may I place the first bid for your services? I shall better any offer you get by twenty per cent. Good day, all."

Richard Peal fared forth. Stella Holloway wept—which was as close as she could come to an apology. Edgar bought a ticket to Princeton for the mother who hadn't visited her son all season, and Stella left with smiles and pitiful affectations; and Edgar went to Scheinder's saloon.

And Jane settled down to work.

When Marion's show pulled up stakes and went on the road Jane was able to delight that mother could go, too.

She went out with Tom Leeds, and it was pleasant if meaningless. She met the stoutish, fastidious young Doug Holloway for the first time. From his pedestal of three senior years he looked upon Jane as a sort of very young slavey who dusted out his father's office. Young Doug was preparing for a career that his father had just happened upon. Jane, lighting the cigarette she had come to use even in public, perched on the top of her desk and listened to him with absorption. Before Doug had left she had the names of half his books, the loan of a few of his first-year textbooks, and had mapped out a siege of study.

Mother wired all too frequently for money. And why—why, when Marion's show was playing a city twenty miles from the prison, *why* hadn't mama gone to see father? Jane intended to ask Marion upon their return—or hint perhaps for some inkling to such a mystery.

But there was no mystery. Or rather, there was a new mystery.

He was at the station. A tall dignified soul, with black curly hair and cubic features. Sorrowing, anguished eyes. Jane was introduced shyly, with a defiance in the very timidity with which Marion and Nell McAm waited for her reaction. Duke Howard bent his head to her greeting, lifted his derby, and with a shy announcement that he'd be at their home in time for dinner, kissed her mother and made off through the crowd.

All the way out to New Rochelle they dodged the discussion of Duke Howard, and Jane felt cheated and tricked by their determined casualness.

He arrived at their home that evening with chocolates and flowers. Dined with them, ingratiated himself with the boys by means of a five-dollar bill. That last galled Jane. Then Duke Howard and Nell McAm went driving in the car he had brought. Upon their return Jane was grimly waiting.

"Mama," she said quietly, "life is full of sacrifices. I hope you've reached the point where you are willing to bid this Mr. Howard an eternal farewell."

SHE marveled at her words and the proper note of sarcasm in her voice, but not until she saw her mother's flutter of fear did she realize that she was imitating her father.

"Come now. Really—" began Duke Howard.

"Quite a harmless friendship, isn't it?" Jane asked him. "I'm not accusing you of anything, far less my mother. But such friendships are not worth the price. We have a houseful of kids here. They are companionship enough for my mother. I have built a reputation in this town in the face of a scandalous family record. I don't intend to have it ruined. I don't intend to have my mother's life upset either. She's always been flirtatious. But she isn't serious in her flirtations. She just likes attention. You see, she's terribly in love. With my father. Aren't you, mama?"

Nell McAm put her head on the table and began to cry. "Please go, Duke. Please—just go!"

Directly past her Duke Howard strode, and Jane followed him into the hallway, helping him silently with his coat and hat.

"Good night," he said shortly.

She nodded, shook hands, and closed the door upon him. She moved to the threshold and gazed at the weeping figure of her mother, so silly in its net ruchings and taffeta and its dead violets at the belt. She longed to speak, to soothe, to comfort, to apologize. Yet it seemed unfair to make her mother face her in the midst of such humiliation.

Resolutely she turned and went upstairs. For hours she sat, thinking of them all. And her thoughts as usual went from them to that yellow part on the map that meant Caracas and Rudy.

She remembered an unread letter and rose, stiff and slightly chilled, to fetch it. As she tore it open a scrap of paper fell to the floor. A picture!

Eagerly she stooped to pick it up. A little gasp broke from her without her realizing it. The snapshot broke something—some spell—that had burned and throbbed like an abscess under the flesh where his jade ring warmly rested.

A STRANGER! Rudy? Her Rudy—this tall laborer with beard and mustache?

Was she writing intimate prattle to this hulk of a man—or to the gentle thin boy with an appealing smile she had always known? The snapshot of a stranger whose very eyes were different. And the meaningless jovial letter with it.

She began softly to cry.

A timid tiny knock broke in on her thoughts. She glanced up and saw her mother. Somehow a moment later she was clinging to her mother who knelt beside her. She was showing her mother the snapshot.

"Rudy!" Jane said dully. "And I don't know him! Mama, I don't know him!"

Nell McAm rose. A grim and faintly disagreeable look passed over her face.

"Tear it up, then," she said shortly. "Don't keep it around and torture yourself with it."

There was something in her tone that aroused Jane's curiosity.

"Wait. Wait now." Nell McAm clattered in her sateen mules out of the door.

She returned with an envelope in her hands.

"How well," she whispered, "do you remember your father?"

"Very well. I think of him a lot."

"So. I have a picture of him. He sent it two years ago. And when he sent it he wrote that he thought I'd be glad to see how well he looked. *How well he looked!*"

She handed Jane a small glossy strip. On it were three poses of a man she loved and revered in her memory. His left and his right profile and his full face. Jane gazed and felt lost. He was all right, of course; no object of maltreatment or prison horror. But where was the man whose mighty laugh, whose dominating geniality were her mental guidepost?

Now she knew why mama hadn't visited him in the jail, and understood, even on the score of cowardice. She could even—yes, almost be sorry she had sent Duke Howard away.

She looked up. "Oh, mama!" she said.

From then on she matched Rudy in the infrequency of her letters.

He came back around June, 1914, and he went, explained Tom Leeds, directly to Maine to spend the summer with his father and sister.

"Sent his love to you," Tom added shyly, "and asked when we two were going to get married."

"Oh, Tom dear, why do you give people the impression we're to be married?"

"I don't. They just deduce. Probably because you've been at my house so much with Mary. You at least love my daughter, and people get to thinking you love me too."

She shrugged and smiled in answer to his rueful grin.

In the late summer Tom met Rudy in New York, and reported:

"He's getting ready to go to Texas. Oil fields. He leaves in a few weeks."

"Will he be gone long?"

"About a year, he says. Maybe longer. Meantime he's painting the town red."

So! He had come and gone and he hadn't looked her up. Hadn't come to see her—and that was the sum of two years' pining? Oh, Rudy!

Back to work with added expenses. The family and their friends were bursting the seams of their rented house. It was time now to buy a home, and with a thrill never quite to be equaled she moved her brood into a nest of their own on the banks of a large lake in a new and young residential section of her home town.

Began the endless chain of additions, and each addition seemed to knit the family life closer about her. Mama, Marion, Dick, Toby—and of course Cosima. Jane and Cosima understood each other.

To her family this red-headed, pale-faced sister and daughter whose smile dazzled even a family that ate and slept with it was a strange young dynamo, who looked so frail and was stronger than all of them put together. A dauntless female who could smoke with the Catholic priest in an hour's friendly chat; who palled with the mayor and forever explained politics to her family at the dinner table. An intense girl who had constantly to be reminded to stand up straight, and clung to a ghastly old brown leather coat which she insisted was "luck."

She was wearing the spotty leather coat the rainy evening that Duke Howard called at her office.

"Your mother refuses to see me without your knowledge." His tired eyes met hers steadily. "In some ways I respect your stand. But in this case, you're quite wrong—I love your mother."

"My mother is married. You wouldn't dare suggest a divorce!" she cried in fright. "It would kill my father."

"I won't kill any one." He shook his head wearily. "But this means something to me."

"Rot! You've known each other a few months. She let you pick her up in a hotel. It's cheap—common. It's unthinkable."

He stood up.

"No use trying to convince you," he sighed. "But I'm never going to give up Nell McAm. I happen never to have loved any one else—and I never will."

JANE decided not to talk to her mother about Duke's visit chiefly because she was afraid Marion would openly sponsor her mother's whims.

Marion had her first small part in a show that fall—a great climb from three years in the chorus. She enjoyed the minor triumph but a few weeks and was taken ill. She had an appendix operation and a long irritable siege of recovery.

Nina Norris had gone up and on. A Broadway name to be reckoned with these days, and she had the goods, even though Marion might shrug and name Resolute Perry as the answer to Nina's success.

"I haven't had the breaks," Marion said sullenly.

"That Roberts boy, Marion," Jane began, mentioning to her own surprise the most persistent of Marion's admirers. "He's a fine chap. He'll own that Madison Avenue antique shop before he gets through."

"Honestly, you beat Brannigan. What do I want to tie myself up to a Madison Avenue antique shop for?" Marion demanded hotly. "I want Palm Beach. And Saratoga. The races. Paris. Clothes. Cars. Perfume. Music. Jewelry."

"You mean," said Jane, "you want a Resolute Perry of your own. Is that what you mean?"

Marion laughed.

"That's just exactly what I mean. And within a year I'll have one."

Jane stood up.

"DON'T ever expect me to know your face when I see it if you ever start out that road."

With an attempt to blot out the anger Marion had roused in her she tackled Dick and his problems.

"Isn't there anything, Dick, you'd like to do? Anything you feel—I mean—crazy about?"

"Well," he considered carefully, "there's drawing. I sure like that."

"You're nearly nineteen now. This June you'll finish high school. Why don't you go to college?"

"Aw, at that again! What good's 'at do?"

"It will give you an education. A background. I wish to Heaven I had it. It will give you four years to put your brain in order and plan your life. It will give you social contacts, and you needn't grin at that either. Listen, Dick. Why don't you try it for two years? If you want to quit then, I'll fight it out with you on your own grounds."

"I never quit," said Dick solemnly. "Never in my life have I quit, see? Gen'ly I don't begin things just so's I'm never a quitter."

"Well," Jane sought refuge in a cigarette, "you think it over. I'm willing to stake you to four years of college. After all, Dick, a man's supposed to think of some responsibilities, even at your age!"

By spring Dick had completed plans for a glorious life of bumming, and some twenty youths and maidens of the high school were contributing advice and taking chances on the treasures which Dick was raffling off for expenses. Five cents a chance on punching bag, football, bicycle, magic lantern, and innumerable paraphernalia of adolescence. He was looked upon as a hero, this handsome six-foot lad who was going to "walk the highways and byways of the whole world" and vaguely earn his way from town to town.

Jane watched with concealed excitement and wrote him a letter telling him that if ever he were hard put to it in "any of the far ports of the earth" he planned to visit, to wire her collect. This letter she saved to tuck into his luggage when he left.

But she had no need to deliver the letter. One June night a very

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haggard Dick knocked at her bedroom door. He sat on the edge of her bed and explained he had to have two hundred and five dollars. Intoxicated by all the cash he had been able to rake in with his raffles and schemes, he had—well, played cards a bit.

He had figured it all out. If she gave him ten dollars a week in her office, he'd work hard and in the summer have the whole thing worked off.

Eventually Jane sat down and wrote the check. And for twenty and a half weeks Dick worked in the offices of Holloway, getting in every one's way, wasting the stationery with endless "drawrings," answering the phone, running errands, matching pennies with Seth Percy, and bickering constantly with Doug Holloway.

Unfortunately that summer was the start of Doug Holloway's widely heralded career. Fresh hot from college he entered his father's office in June. Stella Holloway inspired a new sign all gilt on black so that now the old base read Holloway and Son, and no longer Holloway Bros.

One August day when Edgar and Jane were both out, Dick offered Doug a cigarette that fire-cracked in his face. The two squared off, and a minute later Doug Holloway was stretched out on the office floor.

Dick disappeared, and after two days and three nights Jane appealed to the police. They found him in New Haven.

He had gone, he told Jane, to look over Yale. He had decided to go to Yale.

She brought him back to apologize duly to Doug and Edgar and to outfit him elaborately for his freshman year. With him settled at college, with Toby in school, and mama happily traipsing around with Marion, Jane turned her entire attention to Holloway and Son. All that fall and winter she tried to ignore the set-up of Doug and Stella Holloway.

BY late winter she was drinking with Edgar; just a highball together in the evenings in an attempt to see eye to eye and waive family on both sides.

"The trouble is deeper than you think, Edgar," she said soberly during one of these sessions. "I've thought it out carefully. You see—"

"Richard Peal has bid for you," he said suspiciously.

"Yes, Edgar, he has. He offered me eight thousand a year and commissions."

Edgar gulped some of his Johnnie Walker.

"He's crazy or you're lying," he said slowly.

"I've never lied to you, Edgar," she smiled, and sipped her own drink. "I thought he was crazy at first, too. And then—would you believe it, Edgar?—I figured I was worth it."

"Huh!" he commented.

"And if I'm worth it to him, I'm worth it to myself. I'm going to open my own office. I may fall down flat, Edgar, but at least I can try. Please, Edgar, don't look like that. Pour us both a fresh drink, and toast my new venture!"

Over the doorway in an opaque glass that gleamed at night with the flash of motorists' headlights was JANE MCAM, REAL ESTATE.

A gray-stone bungalow, built to her order, with a large homelike reception room. A pine-paneled private office, overlooking a garden, and two smaller offices, one of which Seth Percy would occupy when his lease with Edgar was up. Window boxes, striped awnings, a screened porch, a tiny tiled kitchen. All set angle-wise on a prominent corner which she had bought on speculation a year before. Parking space for cars.

Enter into her life Miss Link. Trudy Link was five years older than Jane and as white-topped as Fujiyama. The white hair was bobbed even in 1915 and fitted her face like a Dutch linen cap. With her babyish voice, her sentences hung up to dry in mid-air, one never dreamed that the girl had the brain of a Chinese politician.

In Jane's attempt to make things plain to herself as well as her assistant, she opened up her business heart and mapped out her ambitious campaign in detail. If Trudy's gasping unfinished questions cleared new roads in her mental highways, who could suppose they were purposeful? At any rate Trudy considered and weighed this red-headed woman, and decided she had found her life's work. She took off her new well made coat and hat and settled down for fifteen years' day-and-night duty.

Trudy would meet a man, love him, marry him, let him go to war and come back and be married nine years before Jane would know about it—so little did Trudy's life seem to matter, even to Trudy; so little would she say, so vague were her personal references.

It appeared that a good three fifths of Edgar's goodwill stuck to Jane. Stella bitterly alleged that Jane had spread stories about Edgar and his son; that she had deliberately walked out of their office and taken their clients to show her power!

Jane struggled against the impression. She worked and schemed and plotted to roll up a list of her own independent clients.

Edgar was working as furiously as she, and the competition was valuable for both.

Rudy was in China now, Tom Leeds said, but was very vague as to what part of China. And China, she read, was enormous—enormous and very confusing. How was he—off there in China? How much he had traveled! How exciting it would be to hear him talk! Had he shaved off his beard by now?

Wouldn't it be heaven to run into him on the street?

IT ran through her tired mind that she should pay more attention to Marion's advice. Just supposing—oh, by the slightest chance—she should meet up again with Rudy? She'd want to look her most radiant. She'd want him to think her all the things so many other men said about her. Twenty-two now, and putting in as many hours of battle as Richard Peal and Edgar Holloway and the best of them. In with the county bosses. Playing the slippery political game and sliding gracefully and unobtrusively to base. Ummmm. That masseur—

She went humming to Marion's room, filing her nails as she walked, and knocked at the door.

"Marion," she began as she entered, "will you meet me for a Turkish bath on— Why, whatever is the matter?"

Marion, face-down on the bed, had lifted a tear-stained face.

"Nothing. I'm just crying with happiness. I'm going to be married." She sat up and laughed acidly. "I'm going to marry Clarence Roberts who may some day, as you once remarked, own the antique shop on Madison Avenue."

But one month prior to the wedding Marion was taken ill. In the middle of the night Jane phoned for a doctor. A few hours later an ambulance backed to the door, and Jane rode beside her to a hospital. They did not operate right away. They consulted. By the next afternoon they suggested a famous gynecologist of New York City. Jane phoned him. She went in to plead with him to come.

For a moment—or just a fraction of space—she forgot Marion and her worries. She looked at Dr. Hamilton Sheppard's peaceful features, cut and rolled by years of self-control and discipline; she looked into his far-seeing eyes that for all their reassurance seemed to ache with the pains of the world, and listened to his untroubled youngish voice.

Then at his question she remembered and begged him to come and cure Marion of her sins and give her the chance of a new life with an adoring fiancé.

Heaven knows, said the nurses, the internes, and the underbuzz of the hospital, what struck Dr. Sheppard.

"Emergency," he clipped, and leaving them to cancel calls as they saw fit, drove off, if you please, in Jane's car.

*What prompted Dr. Sheppard to answer Jane's plea? Did Marion's illness interest him? Or was it something he saw in the red-headed girl who called for him? Next week's installment presents Jane with a problem she little dreams of.*

## ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 29

1—In 1884.

2—In Guinea, West Africa.

3—No one really knows. It has been attributed to Elbert Hubbard, Robert Louis Stevenson, Governor Hoch of Kansas, but all have denied its authorship.

4—Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1869.

5—No. There are thirteen states which do not do so.

6—The teak tree of India.

7—Bamboo.

8—Joseph Aspdin, a bricklayer, of Leeds, England, in 1824.

9—At 1862 degrees Fahrenheit.

10—A legal claim, or hold, retained by mechanics and material men on buildings for which they have supplied labor or materials.

11—Laws which limit the amount to be spent on luxuries, or which fix wages or the prices of commodities.

12—A list or an invoice of a ship's cargo, to be shown at the customhouse.

13—An abnormal pulse beat, showing a double pulse beat to each systole of the heart.

14—A ball game played by the American Indians, thought to be the origin of baseball.

15—The dressed skins of unborn lambs.

16—In making cocoa, a part of the cocoa butter is removed, making it more digestible than the richer chocolate.

17—A Spanish measure of length equivalent to 2.78 feet.

18—Twice: Monroe and Tompkins, 1817-25; Wilson and Marshall, 1913-21.

19—Seven: Idaho, Montana, New Hampshire, North Dakota, South Dakota, Rhode Island, and Utah; two Representatives and two Senators.

20—From the Latin *manus*, hand, and *cura*, care.

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## FOUR ★ ★ ★ ★ LETTER

### PIOUS HOMESTEADERS ROCKING

INWOOD, L. I., N. Y.—In the midst of the universal doubt and dismay attendant upon the depression, one wonders if in too many instances it may not be the worker who spent too many of his pay days in being cheered, comforted, and amused who is now basking in the prolongation of these erstwhile delights.

Though this may not be applicable to all (and certainly not to parents who have given their all to prodigal sons and daughters who disappeared with the last fatted calf), it might apply to those who are still leaning on the tide of events and are making no effort that might float them to a coveted goal.

In various sections where direful droughts are interspersed with devastating floods the writer has seen pious homesteaders rocking on rotten porches while looking out over ramshackly fences to their burned (or submerged) crops beyond. Only a Pennsylvania oil farmer can afford to spend so much time rocking on any kind of porch, because he occupies the vantage ground of being in a position to watch an oil pump bringing in a preponderance of his bread and butter and bacon. Conversely, there is the incident of another Pennsylvania farmer (not in the oil section) sending seven of his ten children to college on earnings barely approximating thirty-five dollars a month. One needs no imagination to surmise that all hands were on deck early, worked hard, and that there were few precious stitches, nails, or precepts left over for a more convenient day.

Some employer once said that in the selection of applicants he gave preference to a boy brought up on a farm because, as he said, " he wouldn't be afraid to tackle anything." But we have reason to believe that the rocking-chair farmer—and the soap-box orator, for that matter—are not turning out the requisite proportion of that brand of brawn and stamina. In fact, it would seem that with the advent of contract bridge and golf supremacy the quality and capacity of the average worker has steadily declined. And while these and other pastimes may be all very well in moderation, it is surely not too much to assume that with so much strength and leisure being expended in their exploitation and glorification there will be a corresponding dearth of scholarships and adepts in other more useful, if not more profitable, pursuits. Like a bald-headed man the writer once saw in vaudeville who twirled barrels and balls with his toes so skillfully, they too may find that they have no real need for a brain at all. For while less effort and outlay may be required for the education of one's hands or feet or eyes, it should not be permitted to preclude a reasonable amount of research in the laboratory of one's mind.

Another bad feature of this defection is that hundreds of parents too poor to buy comforts, to say nothing of luxuries, are maintaining their offspring in a sports-events ease that would have loosened all of the admonitory rivets of our thrifty and more provident ancestors. One has only to note the tawdriness or shoddiness of the majority who frequent sport centers or other amusement places on week-ends or holidays to conclude that when accident or illness ensues, a dutiful father or mother or some kind-hearted employer will have to foot the doctor's and hospital's bills.

And will these rainy days of no work (and consequently less pay) bring these workers to the realization that there is no magic formula for success minus the tragedy of effort and self-denial, or will they, at the first gleam of prosperity,

" All join hands and sweetly they will
sing,
' It ain't goin' to rain *no mo'!'* "

—*Mrs. A. F. S.*

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NOTE TO VOX POPPERS: *Please do not send letters especially for Four-Star consideration. The whole purpose of this department is to select, from all the letters sent to Vox Pop, those which the editor thinks of special value and for which we will pay $25. It should be understood that all letters addressed to Vox Pop are submitted for publication as free-will offerings—and no letter can be returned.*

*Mrs. A. F. S.'s letter was selected by the editor as a Four-Star Letter and she has been sent $25.*—VOX POP EDITOR.

★ ★ ★ ★

### THE FIRST FIVE STOPPED US

WOODSIDE, N. Y.—I thoroughly agree with the first twelve words of S. O. Knott's letter in August 11 Vox Pop, which read: "Vox Pop has gone 'screwy' since you started the Four-Star Letters."—*John J. Sweeney.*

### HOW MANY READERS SAVED THIS ISSUE OF LIBERTY?

MARIETTA, GA.—Today a lady loaned me a copy of Liberty published August 26, 1933. She wished me to read the article in that number by Mary Pickford. It was great. If you could see the dilapidated magazine I read the story from you would know how many others have read it before me. It is prized by the owner and is only loaned for a few days at a time to friends.

Every one loves Mary Pickford, and we feel like a real friend had visited us and given us a wonderful boost.—*Lelia Harrison.*

### MR. WIGGAM STARTS AN ARGUMENT

NICE, CALIF.—Albert Edward Wiggam in his article Women Geniuses? (September 1 Liberty) stated that in the course of six or seven thousand years there have been approximately five thousand " super-mortals " among men but only a mere handful among women. He believed it would always be more or less so because science, in measuring and testing and experimenting on the metabolism of the human species, has found that woman rates a low production of energy, thus placing her biologically below the rating of man.

But what is the criterion of greatness? If it be based on excessive bloodshed, greed, personal ambition, brutality, domination, then the preponderance of " super-mortal " men is understandable. However, if greatness is defined as consisting of some extraordinary and important service to humanity, then the name of Florence Nightingale, who founded the Red Cross movement, has a place beside Sir Francis Galton, Darwin, Newton, and other famous men. These characters must all be vastly superior to individuals like Napoleon and a great host of other emperors and kings.

It resolves upon whether destruction, or creation and preservation, of life is the measuring stick of " super-mortality."—*Helen Barkley.*

### MORE PROHIBITION LAWS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Let me express my appreciation of Bernarr Macfadden's fearless editorial in August 25 Liberty, Hundreds of Prohibition Laws May Be Coming?

This is most timely and to the point as regards our industrial life of this nation.—*J. H. Smith, President and Treasurer, American Steel Engineering Company.*

NORWALK, CONN.—Why is it that all we ever see in Vox Pop about Bernarr Macfadden is praise? Am I the only person of 2,500,000 Liberty readers who does not agree with him 100 per cent or are you a man that is afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?—*I. M. Pusko.*

### FULL STOMACHS AFTER THE CHICKENLESS POT

SAN SIMON, ARIZ.—Every criticism Senator L. J. Dickinson made in his article What Republicans Will Do Next (August 18 Liberty) reflects right back on the Republican Party and what it did while in power. I know a goodly number of people who are now eating regularly, thanks to the New Deal, and party lines mean little compared to a full stomach.—*L. Robertson.*

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Senator Dickinson says the people were prosperous before 1929. I wonder if he ever read Stuart Chase's Prosperity—Fact or Myth. Also the Senator might recall that during the last session of Congress Senator McKellar charged that between 1921 and 1930 Uncle Sam would have collected ten billions of dollars in additional corporation taxes if the Republicans had not allowed infringement on tax reductions.—*F. Frankhouse.*

ST. PAUL, MINN.—After twice reading What Republicans Will Do Next, I

# Pop

am still in the dark as to what they will do. Does Senator Dickinson mean they will merely criticize the New Deal some more?—*W. A. Wold.*

### THOUSAND-DOLLAR HOUSES FOR ALL

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Three cheers for A House for $1,000! by Edward Doherty, in August 18 Liberty. If homes like that can be built for the unemployed in Ohio, why couldn't they be built elsewhere?—*Mrs. Charles Lindhorn.*

### SHELLACKING THE LILLIE

COLUMBIA, S. C.—E. W. Lillie's letter in August 25 Vox Pop headed Can You-All Mean This? would be droll if it were not pathetic. He scouts the chivalry attributed to the South and casts aspersions upon the intelligence of the people of Dixie. And he writes from Virginia, of all places.—*W. J. Cormack.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Perhaps Mr. Lillie, who strikes so unfairly at the South, doesn't rate chivalry. The Southern people are *not* still fighting the Civil War, as he says. That exaggeration is plain stupidity. But they are proud of their Southern blood, as they certainly have every right to be.—*J. Louise Wilson.*

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—When E. W. Lillie declared we are still fighting the Civil War down here, he must have been mistakenly thinking of Senator Huey P. Long, who called out the militia against Mayor T. Semms (Turkeyhead) Wamsley's army of police. —*Jerry Trosclair.*

MERIDIAN, MISS.—Quite to the contrary of E. W. Lillie's statement that a person driving a car with a Northern license in the South is in for a grand chiseling, it is the Southerners who are in for a grand chiseling from the smooth, polite gentlemen from the North.—*Robert Hartley.*

EAST CHICAGO, IND.—I was born and raised in the South, and regardless of what Mr. Lillie says I never heard any one use "you-all" when speaking in the singular. But even if the South did use it that way, it would sound much better than the "dese, dem, and dose guys" used in the North.—*Mrs. Julia Cain.*

### TARIFF-TAINTED TORY

CHATHAM, ONT.—Iron Mike's Four-Star Letter in August 4 Liberty, Let the Most Efficient Country Win, was incomplete in that he offered no one indisputable condemnation of tariff. Tariff-tainted Tory politicians bore the intelligence with their utter disregard for the law of nature. God so ordered the climates that we might grow cotton in one, coffee in another, and find nickel and coal in others. His was the original free-trade law. Can any God-fearing people deny what politically manipulated tariffs have done to wreck His plan?—*Neville B. Challoner.*

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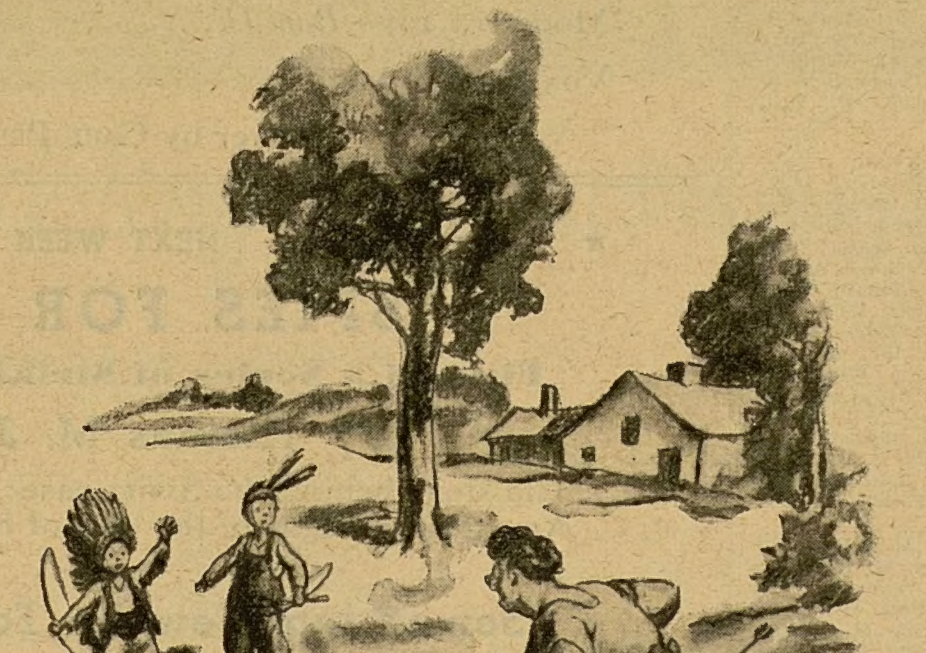
### DOES LIBERTY GET UP ITS OWN QUESTIONS?

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—I have received several checks from Liberty for questions sent in to its Twenty Questions Department. To show how on the level Liberty is, I received one check sent to my old address where I have not resided in more than ten months.

This is in reply to E. Parker's letter in July 21 Vox Pop wondering if Liberty gets up its own questions.—*P. E. Voytek.*



By RALPH FULLER

"Hey, Mrs. Brown, is my arrow in your yard?"

### GOOD BOOKS

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Thanks, Liberty, for the Good Books feature. I am not familiar with the works of modern authors and consequently have found it difficult to obtain good reading matter. Upon Oliver Swift's suggestion I read Holy Deadlock, by A. P. Herbert, and found the story very amusing.—*Paul A. Olsen.*

### LOVE ME, LOVE MY—LIBERTY

PLEASANT HILL, LA.—I can count on at least one visitor regularly. As soon as he thinks I have had time to read my Liberty he has some excuse for coming over.

I flattered myself at first by thinking it was me he loved, but Liberty has me knocked cockeyed. — *Leila Mumford Ramsey.*

### COCKEYED SILO

STORRS, CONN.—In the Cockeyed Cross Word Puzzle in August 18 Liberty the accompanying words for 45 down were, "Where to keep fodder dry," and the answer was "silo."

For Ted Shane's information, a silo is filled with *green* fodder and the silo walls are constructed air-tight to keep the fodder *wet.*—*J. N. Fitts.*

### STILL THINKING IN TERMS OF MULES

SIOUX FALLS, S. D.—In his article Don't Wreck the Air Corps! (July 28 Liberty) Major General James E. Fechet sidestepped the real issue. What this nation chiefly needs is not an "army air force" but an air force as separate and distinct from the army as is the navy, and with sufficient appropriations from Congress to maintain it on a standing second to none.

Regular army officers, in handling our present national air force, are still thinking in terms of mules and trenches. — *Ed Jennings.*

### YOU ECHO MILLIONS, MAX

PERRY, OKLA.—I never before enjoyed a novel as much as Wild Wings (beginning in August 4 Liberty).—*Max Mahan.*

### HIGH-TONED HOT-AIR

JEDBURG, S. C.—How E. T. F. in August 18 Vox Pop could apply Macaulay's so-called prophecy to this nation is too deep for me. To Macaulay everything American was anathema. He never missed a chance to slam the statesmen who founded this nation, especially Thomas Jefferson. He was a high-toned hot-air merchant. As for his prophetic drivel about the future of the U. S. A.—blah!—*A. S. Kneale.*

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Mrs. Hilda S. Clarke,
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$10 FOURTH PRIZE

Emerson H. Silk, Philadelphia, Pa.

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FIFTY $2 PRIZES

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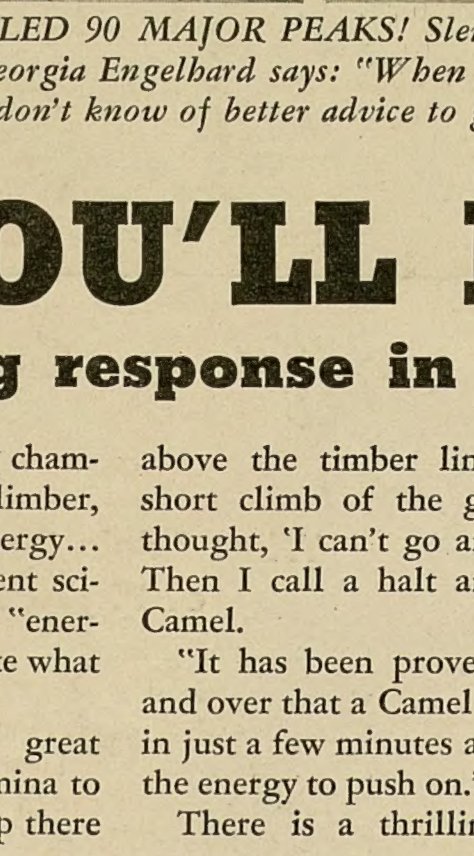

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